

new masses

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Dear Reader:

IN A way it's funny, if you've got a cosmic sense of humor. J. Parnell Thomas, Rankin & Co. are out almost every day of the week trying to do a hatchet-job on NM. They make with all the sound and fury at their command, but still NM comes out, a needling, probing journal damned to hell and high water by those who sit in seats of power. For all their brimstone and fire, NM readers' ranks hold firm and nobody's running.

The "funny" angle is that we find ourselves "fighting" not only Rankin and Thomas but the little merchants who sell us paper clips and typewriter service. For the most part, they're our friends—the credit they extend is the proof—but they, like NM, are caught in a monopoly squeeze-play the menace of which is seven times more deadly than Bilbo at his most bumptious. Newsprint has skyrocketed almost 50 percent—and try and get it; rental, 15 percent; telegraph rates, 9 percent, etc., etc. Schlitz beer and Camel's cigarettes won't advertise with us, yet NM still sells at 15¢ a copy, \$6 a year. (We told you the whole story last week when we began our annual financial drive in the magazine's pages.)

Step into our library a moment and look around as the editors discuss the next issues: Howard Fast, Fred Field, Ralph Peters, Herbert Aptheker, V. J. Jerome and the regular working staff: Joe North, A. B. Magil, Lloyd Brown, John Stuart, Charles Humboldt, Joe Foster. There's Claude Morgan's letter from France, a short story by a seaman, the role of the Vandenberg—the world of events; and gradually the next issues are formed, plans and decisions are made.

But like the UN, you and we can operate only on the basis of unanimity. You possess a powerful veto which can make or break NM—your financial support. This year it'll take \$65,000 to keep NM alive and kicking—and we've got to raise \$40,000 of it in the next four months. Or else—. That isn't hay. It's ammunition for freedom, and freedom's a hardbought thing. Ask the Spanish Loyalist, and the French partisan, and GI Joe.

Now I ask you.

PAUL KAYE
Business Manager.

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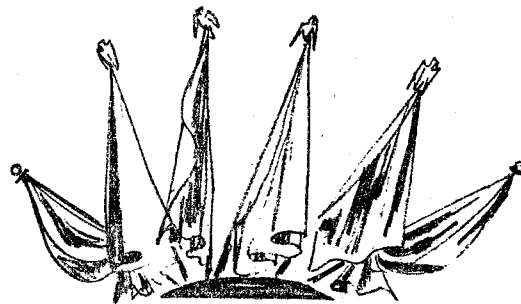
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INSIDE EUROPE'S NEW DEMOCRACIES

By K. ZILLIACUS, M.P.

We are happy to publish this timely article by Mr. Zilliacus, who is a Laborite representing Gateshead in the British Parliament. His latest book, "Mirror of the Past," was issued in this country with an introduction by Max Lerner. For several years Mr. Zilliacus was an official of the League of Nations and travelled in its service in Europe, Asia and America.

Readers familiar with NM's approach to contemporary affairs will quickly see that on some questions we differ with Mr. Zilliacus. But that is beside the point, for Mr. Zilliacus, a non-Communist, stresses the need for a policy of cooperation among all who are earnest in their desire to make of the victory over Hitler an abundant people's peace. This is a paramount question and Americans can learn a great deal from Mr. Zilliacus' experience of how the reactionaries and fascists take advantage of the divisions among progressives. His belief that there must be cooperation with Communists has brought him into collision with the Bevin wing of the British

Labor Party. He has been a strong and articulate opponent of an Anglo-American bloc and those policies which seek to create a wall between Western and Eastern Europe. During the recent Laborite revolt against Bevin's conduct of foreign affairs Mr. Zilliacus exposed the arms agreement between Washington and London.

Several days ago Mr. Zilliacus was made the target of an attack by the frenetic "New Leader," again illustrating how the right-wing Social Democrats and the assorted "liberal" adventurers clustering around that weekly serve the interests of imperialism by giving it a liberal facade. In a cable sponsored by the "New Leader" some seventy "public figures" (including Henry Luce, A. A. Berle and Dorothy Thompson) informed Foreign Minister Bevin of their support for his international policies. The cable in effect said that there was an "axis" between Henry Wallace and Zilliacus to keep Britain and America from ganging up on the Soviet Union—as though an amalgamation of the

two countries against the USSR was in the highest service of humanity. Zilliacus replied by noting that these seventy "are political cannon fodder of the John Foster Dulles' and the Churchills in the war of intervention against the European revolution." He added that they seek "to restore the old order in Europe in the name of the defense of democracy" and that "in Europe the question is whether we are willing to face the fact that Communists and Socialists together are fighting for democracy. Democracy can only survive through cooperating with these elements."—THE EDITORS.

TO UNDERSTAND what is happening in post-second-war Europe it is necessary to look at the situation in the perspective of post-first-war Europe and the years between the wars. Similarities and differences between then and now are equally significant.

"The old institutions on which imperialism and autocracy flourished lie crumbled in the dust; a great wave of

advanced democracy is sweeping blindly over Europe," wrote Marshal (then General) Smuts in 1918, in his famous Peace Conference pamphlet. "The whole of Europe is filled with the spirit of revolution," said Mr. Lloyd George in his March, 1919, memorandum to the Big Four. "There is a deep sense not only of discontent, but of anger and revolt amongst the workmen against pre-war conditions. The whole existing order in its political, social and economic aspects is questioned by the masses of the population, from one end of Europe to the other."

All that is true again, with a vengeance, after the Second World War.

But whereas after the First World War the French Revolution went eastward, today the Russian Revolution is going westward.

The European revolutions of 1917 to 1921 were political, although they included land reform in some countries and several abortive attempts at social revolution. Only in Russia was the political revolution engulfed in social revolution. It was symbolic that during the Kerensky period the *Marseillaise* was the revolutionary anthem of the Cadets and other non-socialist adherents of the Provisional Government, whereas the supporters of the parties represented in the Soviets—the Social Revolutionaries, Mensheviks and Bolsheviks—sang the *Internationale*.

In Russia the *Internationale* defeated the *Marseillaise*, in spite of the Allied war of intervention, thanks largely to the formidable qualities of the Bolshevik Party built up by Lenin. In the rest of Europe Allied diplomatic and economic pressure, including the manipulation of food relief, succeeded in defeating the forces of social revolution and reconsolidating the pre-war social order. Their victory was largely due to divisions and dissensions in the working-class leadership of Europe between Social Democrats and Communists, and between moderate and revolutionary Social Democrats. The moderate Social Democrats were for the political revolution but against the social revolution, for they held that the former had provided the instrument necessary for gradually effecting fundamental social change by peaceful and constitutional means, and did not anticipate any attempt by the defenders of the existing social order to overthrow democracy in order



Old Tune—New Words.

Moffitt.

to resist change. In the end the moderate Social Democrats prevailed, with the help of their non-Socialist allies and of Anglo-French-American influence on European reconstruction.

IN THE years between the wars the "advanced democracies" that had "swept blindly over Europe" were overthrown one by one and dictatorships established in their place. Some went after the first postwar slump, others after the great slump. Defeat was due to two principal reasons: the world slump and the split in the working class between Communists and Socialists which opened a breach through which reaction and fascist counter-revolution passed to power. For this breach both Communists and Social Democrats were to blame.

At the beginning the faults of the Communists were more grievous but they learned with time, and from the Seventh Comintern Congress in 1935 and the proclamation of the policy of the Popular Front they were at least officially and formally in favor of trying to draw together all progressive and democratic forces in resistance to the rising menace of fascism. It must be admitted, however, that Communist ideology was confused and Communist tactics disturbed by the struggle between the long-range idea that it was impossible for the workers to gain power by ordinary parliamentary democratic means without destroy-

ing the framework of the capitalist state and passing through a period of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the short-range tactical view that it was necessary to defend bourgeois parliamentary democracy against the menace of capitalist counter-revolution and dictatorship represented by fascism. Right-wing and moderate Social Democrats on the other hand seemed incapable of learning anything and went down to destruction rather than put up a real fight against fascism and reaction.

The fundamental cause of these events was the breakdown of capitalism in the great slump. The whole of postwar reconstruction had been based on the tacit assumption that the pre-war economic system would revive and work as well as it had before, once the disorganization and destruction caused by the war had been remedied. The first postwar slump was a sharp warning that went unheeded. In retrospect most of the "liberal" reconstruction and peace-making in and around Geneva took place in the few years between the first postwar slump and the great slump.

Under the strain of the slumps the need for social reform merged with the demand for fundamental social change. In revolt against this demand, the dominant sections of the propertied classes deserted the postulates of democracy and fell back on more primitive means to defend all that they held dear in life. Amid the unemployment, distress and general sense of civilization collapsing that came with the slumps, the propertied classes and their political representatives became frightened lest the workers and peasants, who had most of the votes, might be induced by the parties of the Left to use them in order to introduce measures disposing the big landowners and nationalizing wide sectors of commerce and industry.

In order to avert this catastrophe they fomented political movements that were, sociologically speaking, forms of capitalist counter-revolution ending in dictatorships. These dictatorships varied from the "classic" forms of fascism in Italy and Germany to the *Sanacja* regime of Marshal Pilsudski and Colonel Beck in Poland and the monarchist-militarist autocracies in the Balkans.

The lesser dictatorships looked more and more to the "Fascist Axis" for sympathy and support against their

own peoples. Even in the old Western democracies movements sprang up that looked to the fascist powers for inspiration. In France the *Croix de Feu* and their sympathizers were strong enough to launch a demonstration on Feb. 6, 1934, that almost attained the dimensions of an attempted *Putsch*.

During the war Hitler's conquest of Europe was facilitated by the existence of these regimes and of fascist sympathizers among the parties of the Right in nearly all European countries. In the hour of defeat most pre-war appeasers of fascism turned into collaborators and quislings. Banking, industry and commerce were all incorporated in Hitler's economic system and administered either by the Germans directly, by their quisling or Vichy-type vassals, or by native businessmen and bankers who had thrown in their lot with European fascism.

THE resistance movements, on the other hand, although they became nationwide, were primarily based on the working class and the peasantry and under predominantly Left leadership, in which the Communists even more than the Socialists played a leading part. Their reconstruction programs included not only advanced democratic political constitutions, but also programs of economic reconstruction that provided for far-reaching

state ownership and control of transport, trade, finance and industry.

The defeat and overthrow of fascist and quisling regimes, which were forms of capitalist counter-revolution, inevitably resulted in a measure of social revolution. For the downfall of Hitler's economic system in Europe meant that estates, banks, factories and so forth were left derelict by those who had conducted them during the German occupation and/or the pre-war dictatorships. Most of these business and banking leaders fled with the Germans; most of the minority who stayed behind were arrested as traitors by the triumphant resistance movements, and were lucky if they suffered no worse penalty than confiscation of their property.

In character the new regimes are coalitions of the parties that have issued from the resistance movements, with Communists, or Communists and Socialists in conjunction, as the strongest and most dynamic factor in the coalition. The right wing of the coalitions is generally some form of Catholic, peasant or Center middle-class party torn between sympathy on its right flank with the discredited and outlawed classes and groups that collaborated with the enemy, and loyalty on its left to the reconstruction programs of the resistance movements.

In principle these coalitions have

framed and are applying constitutions strongly resembling those of the first years after the First World War, but of an even more advanced democratic character, including not only provisions concerning freedom of speech, association and worship, trial by an independent judiciary, and so forth, but also clauses stressing the responsibility of the state for conducting industry and trade; the equal citizenship of women, including the right to equal pay for equal work and access to all professions; the obligation to provide full employment, a decent standard of living, free education, free care of the aged and sick and those unable to work. In these constitutions the French and Russian Revolutions meet again, not as enemies but as allies!

But the main emphasis of the new regimes, driven thereto by stark necessity, by the principle of *primum vivere*, has been social and economic reconstruction on lines involving a good deal of planning and public ownership in trade and industry. The necessity for advancing in this direction is recognized not only by the Communists and Social Democrats but almost as unreservedly by the more moderate parties cooperating with them, such as the MRP in France; Mr. Mikolajczyk's Peasant Party in Poland; the Christian Democrats and Czech Socialists in Czechoslovakia; the Christian Democrats and Liberal Democrats in Germany in the Western and Soviet zones alike; and by the "loyal" oppositionists in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria (that is, those oppositionists who are thinking in terms of leading sections of their own countrymen on the basis of the acceptance of the new constitutions, as distinguished from the "interventionist" oppositionists who are looking over their shoulders for Anglo-American assistance to reimpose the old order).

IT CANNOT be sufficiently stressed that the semi-Socialist programs of reconstruction are not opposed even by the non-Socialist parties in these coalitions and have very wide popular support, as shown, for instance, in the recent referendum in the Province of Hesse. The American military commander would not allow the German provincial authorities to incorporate provisions for nationalizing key industries in the draft constitution but insisted on this clause being taken out and submitted to a special referendum.



"The Partisans," ink sketch by Paul Hogarth.

The result was that whereas only 42 percent of the electorate had voted Social Democratic and less than 10 percent Communist, over 70 percent voted in favor of nationalizing key industries.

In general about three-quarters of industrial output is now in the hands of the state and a large sector of the remainder, together with much of the apparatus of finance and trade, is in the hands of the cooperatives. But there is also a sector for small-scale private industry that employs a large number of people.

The trade unions and the cooperatives are playing a very great part in running the whole economic machine. The details vary, but in country after country the broad pattern is the same: cooperatives for linking the countryside with the towns, the state with the peasantry, agriculture with the supply of manufactured goods, agricultural implements and cheap credits, as well as helping in the grading, storing and marketing of the produce of the land. The trade unions, through factory committees and local branches, take a hand in the actual day-to-day running of factories and at the top level share in the conduct of nationalized industries and the shaping of the economic plan. They also perform many of the functions in social legislation that are discharged by the British Ministries of Labor, Health and National Insurance.

The degree of civil liberty, tolerance of dissent and minority views actually enjoyed within the different countries varies according to how near they had come to democracy in our Western sense before the war, how long they had been under some form of fascist dictatorship, how severely they had suffered during the occupation, and how far their population had been divided between adherents of pre-war fascism or of the Nazi invaders on the one hand and the resistance movement on the other. The degree of material destruction and the acuteness of the resulting emergency in reconstruction is another factor.

There is no sign of any desire by the USSR to impose the Soviet system or Communist dictatorship on any of these countries. On the contrary the outlook of Communists in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia (where I was able to check these matters for myself) was emphatically to recognize that they had to work out

the problems of transition and power in accordance with the needs and traditions of their own countries.

Moreover, as Georgi Dimitrov pointed out in the course of a long talk (I heard a closely similar argument from a former Communist now a member of the Socialist Unity Party in the Soviet zone of Germany), the situation after the Second World War is very different from what it was a quarter of a century ago: according to the Marxist analysis of society the higher civil service, army and police commands, judges, etc., may in the last resort in a capitalist state remember that they are recruited from the propertied classes and put their class loyalty to the leadership of those classes (*i.e.* the big businessmen, bankers and landowners, the minority of the rich) before their duty to obey the orders of a socialist government elected by the workers and the poor generally. That is why obtaining a majority in a bourgeois parliament does not necessarily confer the power to change society and why in Marx's view, and this was further emphasized by Lenin, it was necessary as a transitional measure to break the cadres of the capitalist state and establish the dictatorship of the proletariat, forming its own civil service and army commands and setting up its own courts.

But now, said Georgi Dimitrov and the German with whom I talked, the defeat of fascism, which was capitalist counter-revolution, has smashed the fascist and quisling states in a number of countries. Their civil services, army and police commands have disintegrated, their judges have fled, their big landowners, businessmen and bankers have been dispossessed and the factories abandoned. The resistance movements have started with a clean slate. They have built up a new civil service, army and police command, made their own law courts and reformed the whole teaching corps. Now there is no reason at all, even according to the Marxist analysis, why the business of laying the foundations of the new social order should not proceed by ordinary democratic means—by majority voting, propaganda and persuasion. The capitalist bottlenecks which have hitherto frustrated democracy have been shattered.

THAT, too, is the attitude of the French Communists. I discussed these questions with French Com-

munist leaders several months ago and am convinced that they were both realistic and sincere when they pointed out that in the conditions of the post-war world democracy was an instrument in the hands of the workers and of the common people for effecting the transition from capitalism to the new social order, and that the fear of democracy and threat to democracy would come not from the Left but from the forces of reaction and counter-revolution which had been beaten in the war but had not yet given up the hope of staging a comeback.

In France, of course, this means General de Gaulle—it is he and not the Communists who is the enemy of democracy in postwar France.

Everything I saw confirmed the common sense of the *London Times* when it wrote last March 6, attacking Mr. Churchill's call at Fulton to an anti-Communist crusade, that to suggest that communism and Western democracy are "irreconcilable opposites dividing or attempting to divide between them the world today" was an assumption of despair and failed to recognize that "there are many forms of government intermediate between Western democracy and communism and some of them may be better adapted at the present stage of development to the requirements of Eastern Europe or of the Middle or Far East. . . . While Western democracy and communism are in many respects opposed they have much to learn from each other—communism in the working of political institutions and in the establishment of individual rights, Western democracy in the development of economic and social planning."

As to the Soviet attitude, what I saw and heard last summer confirmed what the *Times* diplomatic correspondent wrote in three remarkable articles in April, 1945, after a visit to Moscow, where he had confidential talks with all the leading men in the Soviet government. On April 11 he wrote that Soviet leaders believed that Europe was moving towards socialism, but emphasized Lenin's later teaching that each country must find its own road to that goal without interference from outside.

On April 12, the correspondent wrote: "Party members insist that they do not want to spread the Soviet system to Europe." But they ask whether

it is not "in the interests of both Britain and the Soviet Union to help in establishing what one or two of them called 'the new democracy.' That would mean a regime somewhere between the Soviet and the capitalist-individualist systems; a regime in each country with firm social security; state control of primary industries; land reform; a government which would exclude the parties of the Right and be based on forces from the Center to the Left, including Communists."

Under the Atlantic Charter as interpreted by the Labor government, we are bound to allow ex-enemy peoples to establish any form of democratic government they choose, but to prevent them from restoring any form of fascism. At Teheran we agreed to help the liberated Allied peoples to establish democratic systems of government and to uproot and destroy the remnants of fascism. In the Labor Party's foreign policy statement called the *International Postwar Settlement*, which was the basis of our election campaign, the view is stressed that socialism is a fundamental necessity for economic reconstruction, for getting rid of fascism, and for reviving

democracy and political freedom in Europe.

IF THE Labor Party means what it says and is prepared to face the fact that there can be no democracy in Europe without socialist economic reconstruction and no socialist reconstruction without the Communists, because of the key part they are playing in the coalition governments and the trade unions that are actually doing the job, it is clear that the only possible political conclusion is that we must seek to work out a common policy with France and the Soviet Union for uniting, reconstructing and reviving Europe, and for supporting socialism and democracy in Europe, on the basis of the Anglo-Soviet and French-Soviet alliances, which call for the partnership of these three countries in the economic reconstruction and political reorganization of Europe.

We can only agree on such a policy if we are prepared to act as Socialists in Europe, which means accepting the fact, among others, that the Communist Parties of Europe are an integral and important part of the working-class leadership and forces of

democracy and progress in Europe. But if we are prepared to will the means as well as the end, so as to act on the Labor Party's election pledges in world affairs, we can give a joint lead in Europe with the Russians and the French which will be accepted by the US. For if these three pull together the US will accept our joint initiative, and we can arrive at a reasonable compromise arrangement with Uncle Sam.

Cooperation with France in this policy should aim at forming a West European group as part of an all-European regional agreement with the USSR and France within the framework of the UN, on terms of association with the non-European members of the UN, and particularly with the Dominions and the US, to be settled by negotiation.

On those lines we should no doubt have difficulties, disappointments and reverses, and progress would be slow and arduous. But we should have our feet on solid ground and should possess a chart, a compass and a goal. We should stop the present drift to war and begin bit by bit and step by step to win the peace.

ABOUT ANNA, WHO SPENT THE WAR IN VIENNA

When I knew her
She spoke of Viennese Waltzes with a sigh,
She loved to eat
To sit with friends in the Cafe
To raise her glass
And wonder about
Old acquaintances passing by.

To Anna food was Time's decor,
An all-important measure of the clock.
Yet she could not eat alone
Always wanted voices
Tinkling against the Sterling coffee-pot,
On sugar-tongs and walnut shells,
To talk of fear, of felled figures
In this comic opera,
Or to mention her laughter
In splinters underneath the Colonnade.

In winter she had us stirring the iron stove
Recalling by-gone days
Telling of such romantic settings as
Edelweiss on an alpenstock, forest murmurs and a kiss,
Or, the lover's glove as trial of love in the lion cage.
"Life," she said, "is very bitter,
Yet worthwhile living."

And then, when it all happened
And guttural footsteps were constant echoes in Vienna,
She sighed when she drove by the *Burg*
Because the empty Emperor Palace
Was yet more empty,
And Anna sighed again.

(It was the spring of '38)
And most of the time she stayed in,
Had coffee in the garden
And dropping dips of *Schlagobers* in the long glass
Always noted
That the Greek-like statue of Schiller
Was only half covered by the sun,
And remembered Gypsies and white sails on evening coasts
of Cannes.

Today, they tell me, Anna is still having coffee
In the garden, precisely at four.
She has placed a special maid to keep order
Near the central garden door.
Friends are there, to talk of by-gone days
And their future trip to Rome,
But Anna and the statue do not like their talk of play,
And Anna now prefers to eat alone.

ARTHUR GREGOR.

Trampling out the vintage . . .

THERE is nothing academic about Negro History Week, celebrated this year from February 9 to 15. That the twenty-second annual observance of this week will be more widely noted than ever before is itself a tribute to the vitality of those who fight the good fight against the Big Lie: white supremacy, Negro inferiority. Here is history brought forward as an urgently needed weapon. Here the lessons of the past become alive and fuse with the tactics for today—and the strategy for tomorrow.

We know that history—which is struggle—does not pause at the end of a chapter, does not stop at the end of a volume. There is no time out, no ten-minute “break” at a sergeant’s whistle. The struggle for Negro liberation began the day, more than 300 years ago, when the first shackled slave set foot on Virginia soil. It has continued without cease to this very hour. Nor have all the Vardamans and Watsons, the Taney and Tillmans, the Bilbos, Rankins and Talmadges, been able to stem this surging tide. Nor can they.

Yes, the Negro people suffer defeats now even as they have in the past. The FEPC has been scuttled by the little men in Washington. The anti-lynching bill and the anti-poll tax bill are still being kicked around by the Congressional stooges of the Bourbons and the money men of Wall Street. Jim Crow still walks hand in hand with Uncle Sam as the symbol of our country to the world. The killer cop of Freeport still walks his beat, still carries the loaded gun which blasted the lives of the Negro veterans. The mobsters who massacred two Negro farmhands and their wives in Monroe still walk the red clay of Georgia, untroubled by the strangely

impotent FBI. In health, housing, employment, education, the Negro is still a second-class citizen.

And yet, despite all, the Negro people are stronger today than ever. Stronger in number, in unity, in militancy and resolve, in allies. They were attacked in Columbia—but they fought back, they defended themselves. And those brave people of a little town in Tennessee did not stand alone in the dock, facing the legal lynchers. Their people throughout the land, and their white allies of labor and the progressive movement stood with them, fought for them, freed them. The lesson of Scottsboro became alive, and moved.

Look to the South where the roots of the Negro people are sunk deep in the rich earth. Did you read the lesson in thousands of black men and women marching to the polls in answer to the threats of the hooded men? Did you begin a new chapter with the words of the Negro veteran, “*I fought on Omaha Beach and I’ll be damned if I won’t vote in Mississippi*”? Did you add to the gallery of heroes the Negroes who defied the shotguns, hounds and rope to testify against Bilbo, he of the rotten mouth?

This is the history of our time. This is the spirit of the slave rebels, Denmark Vesey, Nat Turner. This is the heritage of the Abolitionists, black and white, which all the fury of the racists and Red-baiters cannot deny. Yes, and this is the call for all of us to hear the words of the great Douglass:

“What man can look upon this state of things without resolving to cast his influence with the elements which are to come down in tenfold thunder and dash this state of things to atoms?”

LLOYD L. BROWN.

NEGRO HISTORY: ARSENAL FOR LIBERATION

**To rescue the Negro people's past from oblivion
and distortion is to arm for today's struggles.**

By HERBERT APTHEKER

THE United States announced its entry into the world of nations with a flaming manifesto of revolution, with the battlecry of “liberty or death,” and while the words were being uttered, the brains of the rebels were seared by knowledge of the fact

that twenty percent of their country’s population was in chains! Atop the dome of this Republic’s Capitol stands a heroic bronze female figure symbolizing the Goddess of Liberty. It was cast, shortly before the Civil War, by Negro slaves!

Our historiography mirrors, quite naturally, this schizophrenia. The writing and teaching of history are crafts peculiarly sensitive to the demands of the status quo, for here there are no allusions and there can be no abstractionists. One is, by definition, dealing with the people’s past, and the dullest must see that the present is made up of the past, while a moment before the present was itself the future.

Fighters for the Negro people’s liberation, understanding this, have been attempting for generations to rescue their past from oblivion and vilification. This is true of the Abolitionists, white man such as Joshua Coffin, John Brown and Wendell Phillips, and particularly Negroes, like William C. Nell, Martin Delany, James McCune Smith, William Wells Brown and Frederick Douglass; and it is true of the post-Civil War epoch. During the latter period Negro writers have again been outstanding in this regard. To be mentioned are such people as Joseph

T. Wilson, George W. Williams, Daniel Murray and John W. Cromwell, while in our own day excellently-trained historians like Charles H. Wesley, L. D. Reddick, Luther P. Jackson, Lorenzo G. Greene, W. Sherman Savage, John H. Franklin, Alrutheus A. Taylor, Eric Williams, Horace M. Bond, James H. Johnston and, of course, the two Grand Old Men of the crusade whose works span two generations and who remain more prolific than any others—W. E. B. Du Bois and Carter G. Woodson—have been doing an invaluable job of spadework and pioneering.

Whites, too, particularly those who understand the indivisibility of human freedom, and even a handful of academicians, have joined in the effort to present, in realistic terms, the American Negro's past. Back in 1903 Professor James S. Bassett of Trinity College (now Duke University) was nearly fired for daring to suggest that the historical treatment of the Negro might need some revision. Starting over twenty years ago there began to appear the monumental source collections edited by Elizabeth Donnan (on the slave trade, in four volumes) and Helen T. Catterall (on judicial decisions, in five volumes) which, if only read and used, would help demolish the myth of Negro docility. Some fifteen years ago, Frederic Bancroft wrote an excellent study of the domestic slave-trading business, tearing up a segment of the moonlight-and-mollasses nonsense, but only a relatively unknown Baltimore publisher would issue his work.

Six years ago the American Council of Learned Societies took its first hesitating steps towards the organization of a Council on Negro Studies, while at about the same time the American Historical Association devoted one session of a yearly meeting—the only one in sixty years!—to a consideration of the history of one-tenth of the American people. Very recently the writings of such individuals as Professors Melville J. Herskovitz, Kenneth Porter and Harvey Wish, and such unpublished dissertations as those by LaWanda F. Cox and Vernon L. Wharton, have indicated a similar trend. And white progressive historians, functioning—not at all coincidentally, in most cases—outside collegiate confines, such as James S. Allen, Elizabeth Lawson, Philip S. Foner, Henrietta Buckmaster, Bella



New-Age Gallery.

"Harriet Tubman," sculpture by Frederic Jean Thalingier.

Gross, Earl Conrad, Howard Fast, have been devoting much of their best writing to the Negro's past.

HAVING said all this, we have said much, and yet it remains true that the enemy still dominates the field. It remains true that Negro historiography, as a whole, is characterized by the two great sins of omission and distortion.

A leading publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, issues in the year 1942 a book by one Hal Steed, purporting to be a study of *Georgia: Unfinished State*, whose concluding sentence is: "I would not say that the Anglo-Saxon is superior to other races, but that this race makes up nearly 100 percent of the population of the South augurs well for unity—unity in political beliefs, in religion, in social problems." The ten million Negroes of the South must be

somewhat startled to learn that they are, after all, Anglo-Saxons! The same publisher issues a work by W. J. Cash entitled *The Mind of the South* in which the Negro appears as a prop and a mannequin and nothing else.

Two of the outstanding living professors of American history, Henry S. Commager and Allan Nevins, edit a massive work supposed to present *The Heritage of America*, and the Negro is practically absent. Professor Dwight L. Dumond of the University of Michigan writes a book labeled *The Anti-Slavery Origins of the Civil War* in which he finds space to mention obscure white Abolitionists like Augustus Wattles and Calvin Waterbury; but not a single Negro—neither Douglass nor Tubman nor Ruggles, nor Ward, nor Garnet, nor Purvis, nor Truth—is so much as mentioned.

Probably even more common is dis-

tortion. One who has any regard whatsoever for truth stands aghast when he sees such statements as this, for example, appearing in W. E. Woodward's *Meet General Grant* (a Literary Guild selection, by the way): "The American negroes are the only people in the history of the world, so far as I know, that ever became free without any effort of their own. It [the Civil War] was not their business. They had not started the war nor ended it. They twanged banjos around the railroad stations, sang melodious spirituals, and believed that some Yankee would soon come along and give each of them forty acres of land and a mule." And what is one to say when a work like Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*, that is filled with dozens of demonstrably erroneous assertions of historical fact, including the remark that the Negro people were enfranchised "without their asking for it," is rapturously received by almost all experts and reviewers and when such egregious errors are not pointed out even by the handful of critical commentators?

Again, the current edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in its anonymously-written piece on "The American Negro" says his "disfranchisement has aroused little protest" from him and "has tended to improve the government"! Or, here is Professor Frank Tannenbaum of Columbia University, who writes a brief book—*Slave and Citizen: The Negro in the Americas* (Knopf, 1947)—in which he thrice tells his readers that, in the United States, "the Negro slave could not hope for self-redemption by purchase." Such a shocking ignorance of elementary facts in Negro history (here we need but mention that such figures as Richard Allen, Absalom Jones, James Derham and Denmark Vesey bought their own freedom, and that this was one of the main methods throughout the slave area for increasing the free Negro population) is almost incredible in one who holds such a position.

Such purblindness will persist so long as the outstanding professional historians insist upon dismissing scholars like Dr. Woodson and Dr. Du Bois as "propagandists and special pleaders," to quote the characterization offered me some years ago by a distinguished Columbia University professor. And it will persist so long as these historians do not realize that the

NO PROGRESS WITHOUT STRUGGLE



LET me give you a word of the philosophy of reforms. The whole history of the progress of human liberty shows that all concessions yet made to her august claims have been born of earnest struggle. The conflict has been exciting, agitating, all-absorbing, and for the time being putting all other tumults to silence. It must do this or it does nothing. If there is no struggle, there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet depreciate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters. This struggle may be a moral one; or it may be a physical one; or it may be both moral and physical; but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did, and it never will. Find out just what people will submit to, and you have found out the exact amount of injustice and wrong which will be imposed upon them; and these will continue till they are resisted with either words or blows, or with both. The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress.

In the light of these ideas, Negroes will be hunted at the North, and held and flogged at the South, so long as they submit to those devilish outrages, and make no resistance, either moral or physical. Men may not get all they pay for in this world; but they must certainly pay for all they get. If we ever get free from all the oppressions and wrongs heaped upon us, we must pay for their removal. We must do this by labor, by suffering, by sacrifice, and, if needs be, by our lives, and the lives of others.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The great Negro Abolitionist wrote these words on March 30, 1849, in a letter to Gerrit Smith.

Negro's past runs through the warp and woof of the fabric of America, that his history must be understood not only because it is the history of some fourteen million American citizens, but also because American life cannot be understood without knowing their history.

The study of the Negro's record

is not an act of benevolence: it is an act of science.

Actually, of course, men like Woodson and Du Bois are "propagandists" only because their convictions are contrary to the dominant ideology, and "special pleaders" only because that for which they plead is disagreeable. This truth was enunciated with sig-

nificant naivete by Prof. Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, an outstanding authority on nineteenth-century America who, in 1903, explained to Dr. Du Bois that, in conducting the biographical series that he was then editing he was assigning the biographies of Southern leaders like Jefferson Davis to "Southern writers as a guarantee of greater impartiality"! Again, in 1907, when Dr. Du Bois asked *McClure's Magazine* if they would publish a reply to several vicious anti-Negro pieces that had appeared therein, he was originally turned down on the ground that the magazine wished to avoid controversial articles!

THE classic examples of distortion in this field lie in the treatment of the Negro's enslavement and the crucial period of Reconstruction. As for slavery, the man acknowledged as *the* authority is the late Ulrich Bonnell Phillips. This individual's work has very largely determined what every American youngster — Negro and white — and every American teacher has been told for the past generation about the character of the slave institution and the response thereto of the Negro people. Knowledge of Phillips' background makes this almost unbelievable to anyone who has the slightest familiarity with the tenets of science. For here is a person, born in Georgia in 1877—the year of the Great Betrayal—and related to the Confederate Governor of Georgia and a Confederate Senator of Alabama who, as a youth, learned to his horror that his given name was identical with that of the man who had captured Richmond and thereupon threatened to secede from the Phillips' household unless it were changed—as it was, from Ulysses to Ulrich! Here is a man who dedicated one of his early books "to the dominant class of the South," and to whom, as one would expect, the Negro was "by racial quality submissive," and had "inherited inaptitude"—here is such a man with such a background and cursed by such bigotry held up as the authority on Negro slavery!

As for Reconstruction, the effort of the Southern masses, white and Negro—with the latter playing a vital independent role—to destroy a semi-feudal bourbon colonialism and replace it with a politically democratic and economically progressive regime—this, to Phillips, was "atrocious."

For Prof. William A. Dunning it was not only atrocious but also ridiculous since the Negro people were "an inferior race" and "a mass of barbarous freedmen." And as for the Southern writers selected by Dunning, no doubt "as a guarantee of greater impartiality," to write the history of Reconstruction in the several states, Professor Ramsdell saw the Negro's "incapacity" as basic to the period, Professor Hamilton considered the effort a "crime," since the Negroes were totally "lacking in political capacity and knowledge," Professor Garner stressed the Negro's "unreliable character," Professor Fleming was convinced the Negro "was as wax in the hands of a stronger race," while to Professor Woolley the crucial point was that "Many negroes, on discovering that they were free, assumed what are known as 'airs'; and then as now, among things intolerable to a Southern white man, a 'sassy nigger' held a curious eminence." These authors,

Professor Owsley has recently assured everyone, produced "systematic and objective" studies of Reconstruction!

WHY do omission and distortion characterize the treatment of the Negro's history? Very simply put, it is because of the super-exploitation of the Negro people, and because denying them an inspiring past worthy of study and emulation weakens them and their allies in the present-day efforts for equality and freedom.

How like men of straw would Americans be without Valley Forge and Gettysburg, without Jefferson, Paine, Lincoln, Altgeld and Debs! Without a past a people is castrated and impotent. As the embryo is nurtured within the womb and, with sufficient development, emerges in a cataclysmic act as a functioning human being, so history is the people's womb. From their history a people may gain sustenance, guidance, courage, dignity, maturity.

Specifically, let the Negro people know and let all other Americans know that in the unspeakable days of chattel slavery the American Negro fought like an enraged tiger for his freedom, that the Underground Railroad was his creation, that the Abolitionist movement's pioneers were Negroes, that that movement's greatest source of strength throughout its life was the Negro people, that in America's War for Independence Negroes by the thousands were vital participants, that the Navy which defied Britain in the War of 1812 was about one-fifth Negro, that 200,000 Negroes fought in Lincoln's Army and another 30,000 in his Navy, while still another quarter of a million labored for the Union, and that in the Civil War the Negroes suffered the greatest proportionate loss of any of the participants—let these things be understood and the ancient canard which holds that the Negro people, unique in history, were *given* their freedom would be seen for what it is—a colossal hoax and lie. *The Negro people earned their freedom by fighting for it, and by so doing helped mightily to preserve this nation for all its inhabitants.*

And let all Americans know of the Negro's militant efforts, long antedating the Civil War and continuing to this minute, for the right to vote and be elected to office, for equal educational opportunities, for labor solidarity, for decent jobs, for good homes,

FILMS FOR NEGRO HISTORY WEEK PROGRAMS

In connection with Negro History Week the Film Division of the International Workers Order has compiled a list of 16mm short reels useful for programs celebrating the event. The following films treat various aspects of the life of the Negro people:

Teamwork (Army Production) . . . 20 min.
Whoever You Are . . . 20 min.
American All (March of Time) . . . 16 min.
Call To Duty . . . 20 min.
Henry Browne, Farmer . . . 11 min.
The Highest Tradition . . . 20 min.
Negro Colleges At War . . . 10 min.
Let My People Live . . . 15 min.
Man—One Family . . . 17 min.

These films may be obtained through the IWO Film Division, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

for political independence from the parties of the exploiters and their lackeys, for unity among all the dispossessed—Negro and white—let all this really be known and understood, and then decent white people might well be proud to grasp the outstretched hands of their Negro brethren with respect and with devotion.

The position of the Negro has ever been the touchstone, the acid test of American democracy. This is why the Negro is the first enemy, the original recipient of the blows, of reaction. The thorns upon the Negro's head have drawn blood from America's body. America's strange fruit has embittered the mouths of all its inhabitants.

He who knows the history of the Negro people will face the future with supreme confidence. For this history proves that, let the despoilers of humanity do what they will, the integrity, the aspirations and the struggles of the mass of mankind continue and endure.

Of the Negro people it may be said more truly than of any other people that they have had nothing to lose, in fighting for a better world, but their chains. This has forged within their hearts and brains a yearning for peace and security, a knowledge of the necessity for unity, and a contempt for the oppressor and the traitor which constitute a revolutionary potential of the utmost significance.

It is a duty and a necessity to resurrect and to treasure the precious heritage that the Negro people have bestowed upon America. This can serve as a weapon of incalculable power in our present critical period when each man and each woman must stand up and be counted.

NEXT WEEK IN NEW MASSES

A little-known phase of Negro history is illuminated by an article, "Struggles of the Negro Freedmen," by W. H. King, which will be published in our next issue. Based upon a study of original source material, the article describes the organized efforts of the ex-slaves in the fight for land and security.

LINCOLN: WHAT THE GOP WON'T TALK ABOUT

**The man who endorsed strikes and made Communists
generals wouldn't recognize the Republicans today.**

By **PHILIP S. FONER**

AT THIS particular moment, when the heaviest legislative attack in American history is being launched against the labor movement, and when an orgy of Red-baiting is in full swing, it is especially important to turn our attention to the relations between Abraham Lincoln and the working class. The Republican Party and the NAM will, of course, celebrate Lincoln's Birthday with the usual banalities, but none of their spokesmen will dare to quote any of Lincoln's statements on labor and the labor movement. They could not, for example, let the American people know that late in 1863 the great leader of the Republican Party told a delegation from the Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union: "I know the trials and woes of working men, and I have always felt for them. I know that in almost every case of strikes, the men have a just cause for complaint."

Lincoln had voiced similar opinions even before he became President. A shoe factory strike was in progress in New England when Lincoln toured the region in the spring of 1860. The press announced the strike under the heading "REVOLUTION IN THE NORTH," and the employers clamored for troops to arrest the leaders of the Shoe Workers' Union. In Lynn, Massachusetts, Lincoln told a mass meeting: "I am glad to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to, where they are not tied down and obliged to labor

whether you pay them or not." In Hartford, Connecticut, he said: "Thank God we have a system of labor where there can be a strike. Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workman can stop."

During the war Lincoln backed up these words with concrete action. When the newspaper printers went on strike in St. Louis, General Rosecrans dispatched soldiers to replace the strikers.

The printers' union appealed to Lincoln, who sent word that federal servants should not interfere with the legitimate demands of labor. The strikebreaking troops were withdrawn. And when a strike broke out in a shipyard late in 1863, Lincoln insisted that the demands of the workers be met.

To those who charged that these strikes were inspired by the Copperheads and were proof of labor's unwillingness to support the war effort, Lincoln replied: "None are so deeply interested to resist the present rebellion as the working people." He pointed out that "the existing rebellion means more, and tends to do more, than the perpetuation of slavery—that it is, in fact, a war upon the rights of all working people."

Small wonder that labor by and large gave him its enthusiastic support. In the election of 1860 the "greasy mechanics," "the mud-sills of society"—as the slaveholders and their Northern allies contemptuously referred to the workers—carried banners in parades for Lincoln and voted for him

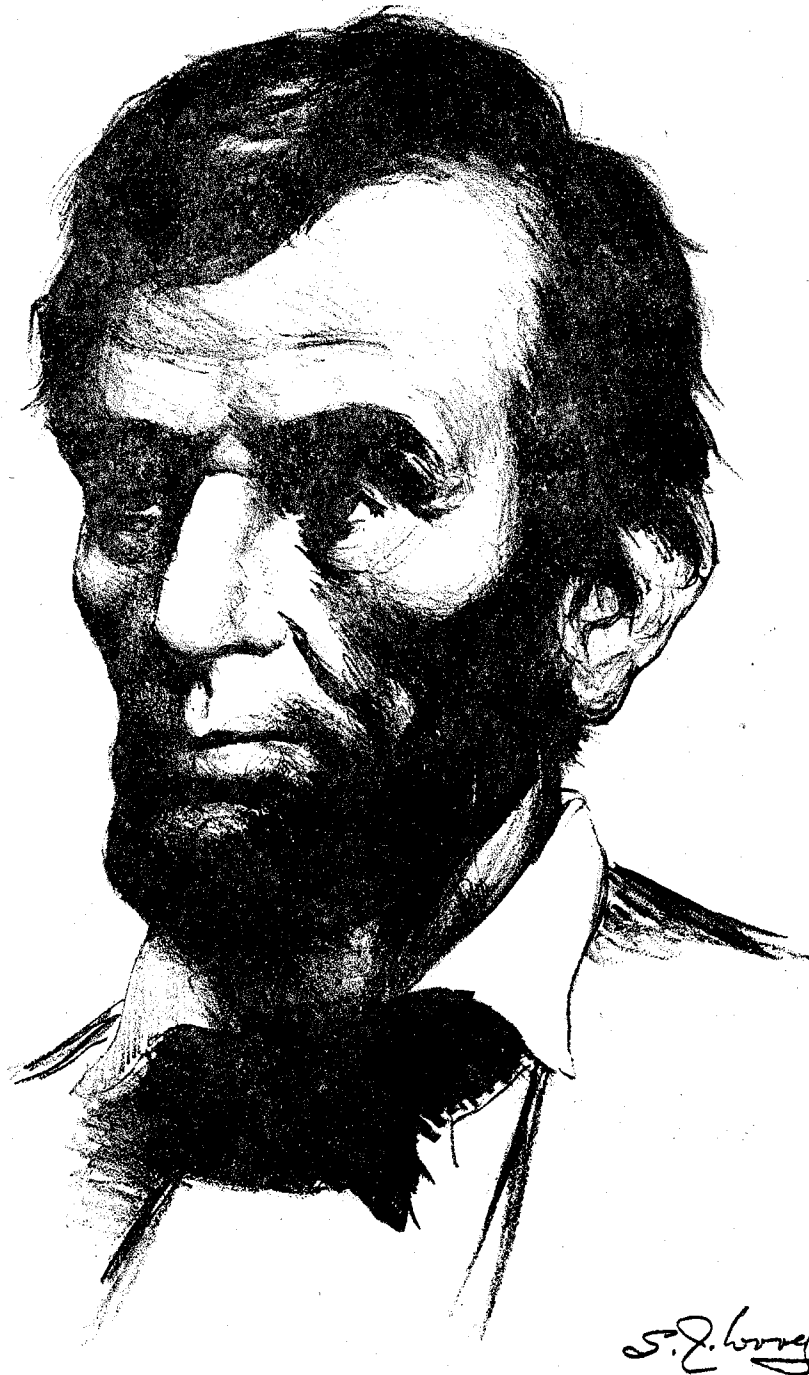
at the ballot-box. After the election a Republican leader in New York City declared: "We owe a debt of gratitude to the laboring classes who gave us this victory."

In Cincinnati, on his way from Springfield to Washington, the President-elect was greeted by 2,000 members of the German Workingmen's Society. The chairman said: "You have earned our votes as the champion of Free Labor and Free Homesteads." And Lincoln answered: "I agree with you, Mr. Chairman, that the working men are the basis of all governments, for the plain reason that they are the most numerous."

The conservative press in Cincinnati was quick to point out that the leaders of the Workingmen's Society were German-American Communists and that Lincoln had not hesitated to be seen in such "revolutionary" company. But Lincoln was not frightened by such attacks, knowing full well how important it would be to have the support of the advanced workers in the difficult days that lay ahead.

FAR from scorning the support of the "Reds" of his day, Lincoln was eager to utilize the military ability and political understanding of the energetic leaders of the young Communist movement. Joseph Weydemeyer, friend of Karl Marx and leader of the German-American Communists, was appointed by Lincoln to the post of colonel in the Union Army, became a brigadier-general when he was mustered out, and immediately after the war was given a position of great responsibility in the municipal administration of St. Louis. August Willich, who in 1848 was, together with Marx and Engels, a member of the London Communist League, was rapidly advanced to the ranks of lieutenant and colonel in the Union Army, and, in 1862, was commissioned brigadier-general. Fritz Jacobi, an active member of the New York Communist Club, was advanced to the rank of lieutenant.

Following the reelection of Lincoln in 1864, the Central Council of the International Workingmen's Association, the first organization to unite the working class movements of various countries, addressed a letter to the President congratulating the American people on his victory. Karl Marx was the author of the letter, which bore



S. J. Woolf

Associated American Artists.

"Abraham Lincoln," lithograph by S. J. Woolf.

the signatures of fifty-nine members of the Central Council. Lincoln instructed the American ambassador to England, Charles Francis Adams, to send a friendly reply. In a letter to Frederick Engels, dated Feb. 10, 1865, Marx wrote: "The fact that Lincoln has replied to us so courteously and to the 'Bourgeois Emancipation Society' so rudely and purely formally has made the *Daily News* so angry that it did *not* print the reply to us. . . . The difference between L's [Lincoln's] reply to us and to the bourgeois has made such a stir here that the

'clubs' in the West End are shaking their heads over it. You can understand how much good this does our people."

Lincoln, of course, never thought in terms of socialism; he assumed that there "probably always will be a relation between labor and capital producing mutual benefit." But he did warn of efforts "to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above labor, in the structure of government." And he did insist that "labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have

existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

The founder of scientific socialism, Karl Marx, while clearly recognizing all of Lincoln's limitations, understood his greatness. In the letter he wrote on behalf of the International Workingmen's Association, Marx observed:

"The workingmen of Europe feel sure that as the American war of independence initiated a new era of ascendancy for the middle class, so the American anti-slavery war will do for the working classes. They consider it an earnest of the epoch to come that it fell to the lot of Abraham Lincoln, the single-minded son of the working class, to lead his coun-

try through the matchless struggle for the rescue of an enchained race and the reconstruction of a social work."

Of all the tributes paid to Lincoln the one he probably enjoyed the most was the comment of a trade unionist who had visited the President in the White House. "I will never dress to see old Abe," he said later. "Working clothes will do."

LAMENT

by Edward McGraw

Black boy, What do you mean

Hangin' by your neck in a sweet gum tree
Your body lax, just slow movin' on the wind
Playin' dead, playin' 'possum.

Black boy, What do you mean

Loafin' in the shade
When those cotton bolls are bustin' white
Great fluffy balls waitin' to be picked
Nobody to pick 'em but you
And you, black boy, loafin' in the shade
Playin' dead, playin' 'possum.

Black boy, What do you mean

Tied to that limb
When the jersey's teats are achin' with milk
And the yellow hens are flocked for corn
Come out of that tree, black boy,
Feed those pigs gruntin' in the mud, and quit that
Playin' dead, playin' 'possum.

Black boy, What do you mean

Swingin' in the leaves
When that old channel cat is waitin' in the river
Waitin' to take your bait, same as every Sunday
Who is goin' to play games with that old fish
If you go swingin' in the trees
Playin' dead, playin' 'possum.

Black boy, What do you mean

Hangin' so quiet on a sweet gum limb
Just like an old 'possum hidin' from the hounds
Swingin' by his tail high in a 'simmon tree
Body lax, just slow movin' on the wind
Playin' dead, playin' 'possum.



Charles White.

SPANISH LESSON

A guest editorial by MILT WOLFF

I MET this guy who was a veteran of Pearl Harbor on the "This is the Army" radio program. They were doing a show from Camp Wheeler on "Why I like the Infantry" and we were waiting to go on to tell "why." It was the summer of '42 and the brass had just decided that infantry might come in handy if the US Army happened to find itself in a spot where the Air Corps and the Navy found navigation impossible. So we got to talking and he told me how it was with the men when the Japanese came over that Sunday morning. He told me how they came pouring out of the barracks, hit the company streets and just kept running. So, many of them were clipped by the strafers, by bomb splinters and by flying debris—clipped because they were running instead of hitting the dirt and staying there.

They hadn't heard about hitting the dirt and staying put during an air raid at Pearl Harbor . . . they hadn't heard about what happened to the Lincoln Battalion at Jarama in February of 1937. A lesson lost.

The Americans who came to Spain to do battle that February ten years ago were somewhat surprised to discover that "doing battle" was a serious and a dangerous business. There they were deployed according to the book on a beautiful height when the fascist planes came over looking for them. The battalion staff had a serious discussion and decided that the wisest thing to do was to send the men running down the hill because moving targets are hard to hit. The order was given and the men ran and the fascists spotted them. One of the guys hollered "them bastards are trying to kill me." Afterwards we knew that the smart thing to do during a raid was to stay put and hug the earth. Too bad they didn't hear about that at Pearl Harbor.

The thing about Spain was that everyone got a hell of a lot more out of it than they put into it. I mean the things that we saw there, the experiences we had, the people we got to know, the lessons we learned. Those were the things that helped us live and fight through the years that followed the defeat of the Spanish Republic. I would like to write about a single man who came to Spain and what happened to him there and afterward. I don't have any particular man in mind because things happened to so many of us in different places at different times and with such slight variations it would be foolish to single out any one man. Let us consider him as a composite person.

He went to Spain in 1936 because he was an anti-fascist. He felt, although he did not know for sure, that if fascism were not stopped in Spain, it would sweep the world. He did not know beforehand what he was going to do when he got to Spain. Certainly he did not know anything about fighting or killing or dying; but he was a volunteer. In Spain he met a people who lived, slept and ate anti-fascism, who never tired of doing something about it. A people whose intense love of Spain and of freedom enabled them to make sacrifices without parallel. In Spain he also met men from almost every nation in the world, those who had fought fascism in their own country before Spain and those to whom fascism was just a word. Men who represented a complete cross-section of life; men from the ranks

of the unemployed, from labor, from the professions, from the arts and sciences and even from the business world.

Then he went up to the front and he met this thing called fascism. It became more tangible, it became a Moor screaming fiendishly in the attack, a machinegun rattling away, an Italian tank. It became planes overhead dropping bombs on hospitals, on schools, churches, women, children. And the lines of refugees pouring away from the front told him of fascism, told him of the rape and plunder and pillage, told him of the slaughters in the bull rings, the mass graves, the concentration camps and he, this International Brigader, became committed to the fight. He was a man of the shock brigades, and with the Spanish troops of Lister, Modesto, Campesino, Doran. He fought in every decisive action, in every offensive and defensive battle and when he was wounded, he went back to the rear and there, as he recuperated, renewed his friendship with the Spanish people—with the mothers, the widows and the children.

AND after Spain and after the bitterness of defeat when he came face to face with the treachery and the callousness and the indifference of the appeasers, of the bureaucrats and diplomats of the governments, when he felt there was nothing but hopelessness and despair for mankind, he remembered Spain and it was too much a part of him to accept despair and hopelessness. The men who came to Spain and the Spaniards themselves were irrevocable proof that men knew how to fight and men could and would fight for truth and for liberty and that in the end fascism would not win. And so he went back home.

In the short time between the defeat of the Spanish Republic and the invasion of Poland, a period of months, he tramped up and down the face of the earth denouncing the fascists and the warmakers and the appeasers, urging collective security, fighting to prevent the coming war, to prevent the spread of Nazism. He was on the blacklist of the Gestapo, of the Fifth Column. He was a second-rate citizen in his own country. He was denounced as a false prophet, an adventurer, a bloodthirsty killer of priests and nuns, an anti-God pagan. He was hunted and persecuted, jailed and beaten but Spain was still with him and he never wavered. And when the war came and the Wehrmacht rolled over country after country, he was the man the people asked to lead the resistance because he had learned how to fight, because he had learned how to love and rely on the people. He had the vision of Spain and its hope for the future. And he was right. His country and Europe were liberated. His France, Poland, Yugoslavia were liberated from the Nazi yoke, his Italy hanged Mussolini in the square of Milan.

Now it is ten years since that first February when his anti-fascism was consecrated in the fire of Spain. In ten years he has seen people defeated, enslaved and finally victorious—but not yet in Spain. Spain remains the lesson not yet learned. The lesson of the strafing planes and the moving target, the lesson of unity whole and indivisible in the face of fascism. It is a lesson that Spain has given to the world. It is a lesson we must live by—if we're to live at all.

THE RIGHT SHADE OF BLUE

*The shop was cluttered with all of the past which did not matter—
and the blonde woman was looking for a color in that faded world.*

A short story by LAWRENCE BARTH

Illustrated by Joseph Stefanelli.

THE shop was relaxingly warm, very yellow with light, very littered with love. Love was all over the tables, bound up in quilted flannel pincushions. Love was all over the floor, baked into little Sevres shepherdesses and nightingales.

The gray-haired proprietress held the china candlestick between her thumb and finger like a dance gesture ready to be released to the audience. The blonde-haired customer squinted her lashes.

"1866," said the proprietress. "Around the time of the Civil War. An exquisite period."

"Wasn't it?" said the blonde woman dreamily. She stepped back for a better view, and her foot did not disturb an atom of the twenty or thirty teacups and saucers on the floor, for she had an expensive electronic eye set into the heel of her shoe, and this eye, specially sensitized to china-ware, guided her foot with perfect grace.

"The trouble is," continued the blonde woman, "I'm horribly disturbed. I'm afraid that, even though it's lamb blue, it may be a *different* lamb blue from the lamb blue clock it will stand next to."

"My dear, I *do* understand you," said the proprietress. She moved to the middle of the shop, skirting deftly the hundreds of ribboned lampshades that hung from the ceiling for display. She picked up a bottle of perfume in the shape of a human thigh bone and returned with it to the front of the shop.

"Now here's a little thing that's lamb blue too," she said. "Perhaps if you compare the two blues, you'll have a clearer idea of which shade the clock is."

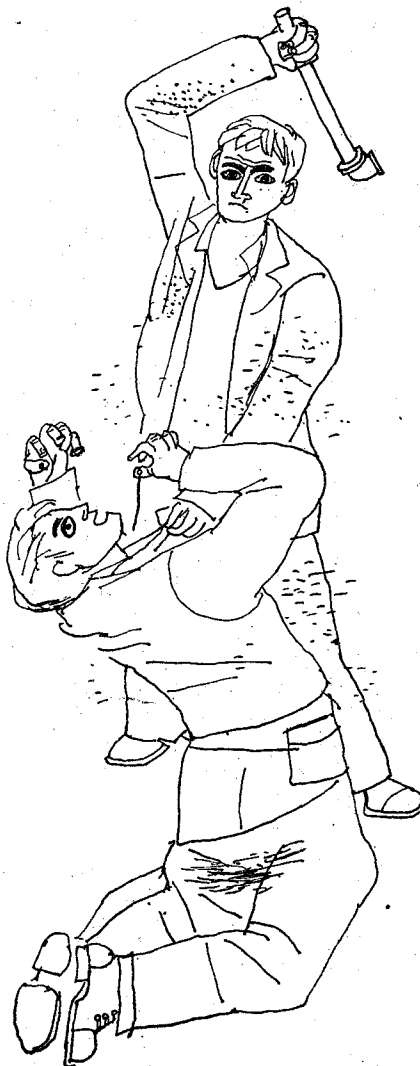
The blonde woman took the bottle-bone in her hand. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I knew you'd love it," said the proprietress. "It was a little idea they brought over from Europe as soon as the war ended."

"It's wonderful," said the blonde woman. "Let me hold it to the light."

She extended it into the show-window to get the afternoon light of the avenue, but at that moment the wind gusted and plastered a newspaper across the pane. There were very large black headlines across the top and they dimmed the shop in spite of all the lamplight.

"It happens so frequently," said the proprietress, pursing her lips a little. "I'm going to speak to the mayor's office and see if they can't keep the streets in a more presentable condition."



The newspaper clung.

"Just wave the bottle across the pane, my dear," said the proprietress, "and it will drop off. It's an old legerdmain of mine." She smiled.

THE blonde waved, the paper dropped. Inside the shop, a little line of princes, one or two inches high, scuttled across the floor in a kind of dance. A parrot popped inquisitively in and out of his white cage-house that was built in the form of an old-time New England church.

"It's so hard to tell with blue," the blonde said, regarding the candlestick intently.

There was sound of disturbing volume. Immediately outside the show-window a young man in a blue suit was hitting a young man in a gray suit repeatedly on the skull with a piece of brass pipe. His voice came through the pane, "Jew-boy, Jew-boy, Jew-boy," and the young man in the gray suit sagged against the glass. Seeing this, the man with the pipe went away and the man in gray was left against the glass, adhering to it.

"It's very annoying," the proprietress said. "Tell him to go away."

The blonde leaned out into the show-window. "Go away," she said. The young man dropped down off the pane and out of sight.

The proprietress, with a small exclamation of impatience, rubbed her hand over the inside of the pane, and the blood on the outside of it disappeared.

"Of course it must be unpleasant for him," the blonde said, "but just the same—oh, my dear, I think the candlestick is a little darker than my clock. Perhaps I should have brought the clock along to make sure. Of course, I didn't realize then that I'd run into this charming little item—"

The proprietress smiled. "It would be nice if we could see ahead, wouldn't it?" she said.

The blonde picked up the candle-

stick again held it next to the bottle, comparing. Somewhere in the back of the shop, unseen behind all the lampshades and ribbons, a tiny china clock ticked with rapid delicacy—ticktick—ticktick—very light. Through the blonde woman's memory drifted feathers of old moods, soft partridge-wings of love, pastel tints of ancient Christmas gifts from her childhood, gifts she had received with warm delight and run off to play with immediately, as soon as she had received them. There was love that counted, after all. His little shop was so full of things, his finger caressed the edge of an empty little inlaid box; idly she opened it, but it was empty.

"I remember one Christmas in particular—" she said to the proprietress, and her next word was drowned in a splitting roar from somewhere behind the shop. She stooped down so that she could see beneath the lampshades. Through the tiny rear window she saw that a building had collapsed in the area in back of the shop. As she looked, a man in an executive sack suit mounted sedately up on the rubble, and, gaining the top, planted a large sign that said something about rentals. The man appeared to be auctioning something off, and the crowd surged about the foot of the rubble in a crazy manner. At one place the blonde woman could see a leg sticking out from under the fallen bricks and cement.

She shook her head and gave the proprietress a rueful smile. "You poor lamb—I'm afraid the neighborhood isn't very—"

THE door in the rear of the shop was flung open. A six-foot fireman in rubber coat and helmet hurried in, a huge dirty canvas hose hanging from his hand.

"Where's your front door?" he shouted.

The eyebrows of the proprietress rode smoothly up her forehead, like a well-oiled escalator. "Would you like to purchase something?" she asked. "I have a charming old English needle-threader here—"

The blonde, meanwhile, had stepped back in alarm, almost (but not quite) knocking over a teacup on the floor.

"What's the idea of this?" she shouted, and then lowered her voice to something more decorous. "I mean, really—"

The fireman was trying to scramble his way through the shop, bent double

beneath the mass of lampshades. Now he stood up suddenly, and his broad rough face was lost to sight.

"Fire back there!" he yelled above screamings that backgrounded his words. "Hydrant jammed—gotta find another—where's the front door?" He stood bewildered among the lampshades, fists clenched. "Where's the front door?"

"I also have a silver filigree button-hook," said the proprietress. "Perhaps it will be useful in your work. Only \$79.50, including excise tax."



His voice thundered now out of the mass of lampshades. "God damn it, help me!"

The proprietress looked at the blonde, a small and well-groomed smile sculpturing her lips. "He's wonderful, isn't he?" she said. "A real primitive."

The blonde had almost obeyed the fireman's command. One leg was outstretched to go to him.

Then she slowly drew it back.

There was a sweep of the fireman's solid arm, and twenty lampshades splattered to the floor. He crashed open the front door and was gone, the hose leaping after him. It stretched out empty through the long dark tunnel of the shop, and out to the back. The rear door looked small, very small. Daylight and smoke and the light of screams and flames showed through it.

The proprietress set the perfume bottle in the shape of a human thigh bone up on a table. It obscured the back door, and the blonde woman turned again to the candlestick.

"It's really too charming to miss, dear, no matter what blue it is," said the proprietress.

The blonde smiled. "You're absolutely right. You have such wonderful things here. Wrap it up. How much is it?"

As the proprietress moved to draw box and tissue for wrapping, a sheet

of flame raced in an instant from the rear of the store, leaping from lampshade to lampshade, lighting the shop in glare. It hung over the two women for a moment, darting down and up, down and up. Then it swept down, enveloping them. Their blackened bodies crumpled to the floor.

And now, before a breath could be drawn, the limp white hose suddenly swelled, the fireman ran back through the shop, more hoses followed, four other firemen leaped in, crashing furiously through the long shop to the rear. Through the back door they could see fire in sheets, active figures of tenants beating at the burning walls, digging in the ruins. The firemen ran at top speed, and the closer they got to the rear of the shop, the bigger the back door became for them. Then they were in the yard, rearing the torrenting hoses against the flame.

STUDENTS WITH BANNERS

LAST summer as Primary Day approached in Milwaukee the customary assortment of Republicans and Democrats duly offered themselves as nominees for state representative. One of the Democratic aspirants, concluding that it looked like a Republican year after all, ink-eradicated the word "Democratic" after his name on his nominating petition (which had, of course, been signed by Democrats) and substituted the more potent word "Republican." The local board of elections turned out to be stuffy about such details and threw the petition out; and two weeks before Primary Day that part of town looked like a No Contest for the Republican.

That's where John Killian and Jerry Rose stepped in.

Killian, twenty, a Catholic, and Rose, twenty-one, Jewish, were buddies. They had come out of the Army a few months before and, crowded off the University of Wisconsin's Madison campus by the lack of housing, had enrolled at the University's extension college in Milwaukee. They were there under the GI Bill of Rights which, among other things, helps develop students' ingenuity by forcing them to figure out ways of living on \$65 a month. I suppose you might say Killian and Rose were in the market for some outside employment, as are most students today. Anyway, this was a vacancy that appealed to them. They got their friends together and ran Killian on a write-in campaign, with Rose as manager, and won the Democratic nomination.

It would be nice to be able to report that they won the election too—they didn't. But this little story illustrates as well as anything the change that's come over the American student body since the war. For the boys' campaign proved they weren't doing it all in a spirit of good, clean college fun. They were angry. They'd come home to find that the fight they were a part of abroad had to be continued at home, that they were going to have to struggle for their education, and they'd discovered that that struggle was bound up with the fight for life in the world outside the campus. Before the campaign was over Killian and Rose and the group around them had formed a lively branch of Young Citizens' PAC.

Not all they learn in college these days is written in a textbook.

By BETTY MILLARD

Killian didn't win the election, but the Killians and Roses of the American campuses won an infinitely greater victory in Chicago last December when they came together in the biggest and broadest student conference in the history of our country. Here representatives from 300 colleges and universities in forty-two states voted unanimously to create, by next June, a new national organization uniting all students on their common problems. Some of these problems, like housing, had been intensified by the war, but all of them were a part of a larger contest which may be summed up as the struggle for democracy in education—a battle American students have been engaged in for many years.

PROBABLY since the first iconoclastic thought was inscribed in cuneiform ruling classes have hung a Keep Out sign on education, and American big business is no exception. The NAM influence is powerfully felt on our campuses. Not crudely—it's been ten years or so since a utilities company was discovered persuading an economics professor with folding money to use a pro-utilities textbook. But its deeper philosophy—that of restricting education to an elite—has been reflected in the rigging of the structure of American education to keep out members of minority groups such as Negroes, Jews, Italians; children of working-class families, and—ideas.

American students have an honorable history of struggle against such restrictions.

The modern American student movement began with the depression in the Thirties. Waves of the crisis lapped over the campus: thousands had to drop out of college and those who were left began to do some serious thinking about themselves and the world around them. Social science,

history and current events clubs arose on campuses and their members began to recognize the connection between the fight for education and the struggle for peace, minority rights and collective bargaining.

In 1931 these clubs in New York formed themselves into the New York Student League. It brought together young Socialists, Communists and non-party students. Almost immediately, however, the Socialists withdrew on orders from their party and set up the Student League for Industrial Democracy. Organization proceeded on other campuses and the NYSL soon became the National Student League. The chief difference in practice between the NSL and the SLID during that period was that to the NSL the immediate needs of the students were paramount, while the SLID more or less contented itself with holding forum discussions. However, as the SLID was forced to become more concerned with student problems the two organizations were drawn closer again and in 1934 they held jointly the first big student peace strike. This period too saw the first major battles for academic freedom, notable among them the Reed Harris case and the famous Robinson umbrella incident. Reed Harris, then editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, refused to submit to censorship and was expelled from college. The students answered with a mass strike which, in the end, was successful: Harris was reinstated.

It was a couple of years later that President Robinson of the College of the City of New York anticipated Chamberlain in giving the umbrella a bad name. One gray day when the ROTC was scheduled to parade in Lewisohn Stadium, the NSL and SLID held an outdoor demonstration against militarism and war. Robinson, forced to pass their meeting on the way to the stadium, charged like a knight of old with his umbrella at the ready crying, "Disperse, you guttersnipes!" The next day practically all City College students wore signs proclaiming "I am a Gutter-snipe." Furious, Robinson expelled twenty-one students (among them Joseph Starobin and Adam Lapin, now *Daily Worker* and *People's World* writers), and sus-

pended thirty-one others. The strike that resulted was supported by a majority of CCNY's students, and marked the beginning of the successful Oust Robinson campaign.

By 1935 the NSL and SLID had drawn close enough together again to amalgamate into the American Student Union. New forces were attracted by this merger and the ASU grew to a membership of 20,000. With the brown death creeping over Europe the ASU's main energies were thrown into the fight against war and fascism; the peace strikes continued and many students went to Spain and joined the Lincoln Battalion. But with the beginning of World War II in 1939 the student movement suffered another split. Joe Lash led a minority group out of the ASU in a conflict over war policy, and in 1941, with many students in the Army, the ASU was disbanded.

TODAY the American Youth for Democracy, formed in 1943, has become the most articulate, advanced force among the students. It is organized on sixty-five campuses and has a growing influence among American students. Its program is one of militant activity to solve the educational crisis, combat discrimination and bring to the campus the issues that affect the country and the world. But the AYD is far from alone, for united together in their efforts to solve their common problems are far greater sections of students than have ever before been drawn into organized activity. This was evidenced at the Chicago conference. The great majority of the delegates there were either directly elected by a campus-wide vote of students or by the official student councils of their respective colleges. Represented also were all the large national student organizations, including, in addition to the AYD, the National Intercollegiate Christian Council; the National Catholic Youth Council's University Section; the Student Division of the American Unitarian Youth; the Hillel Foundation; the Student Section of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the United States Student Assembly.

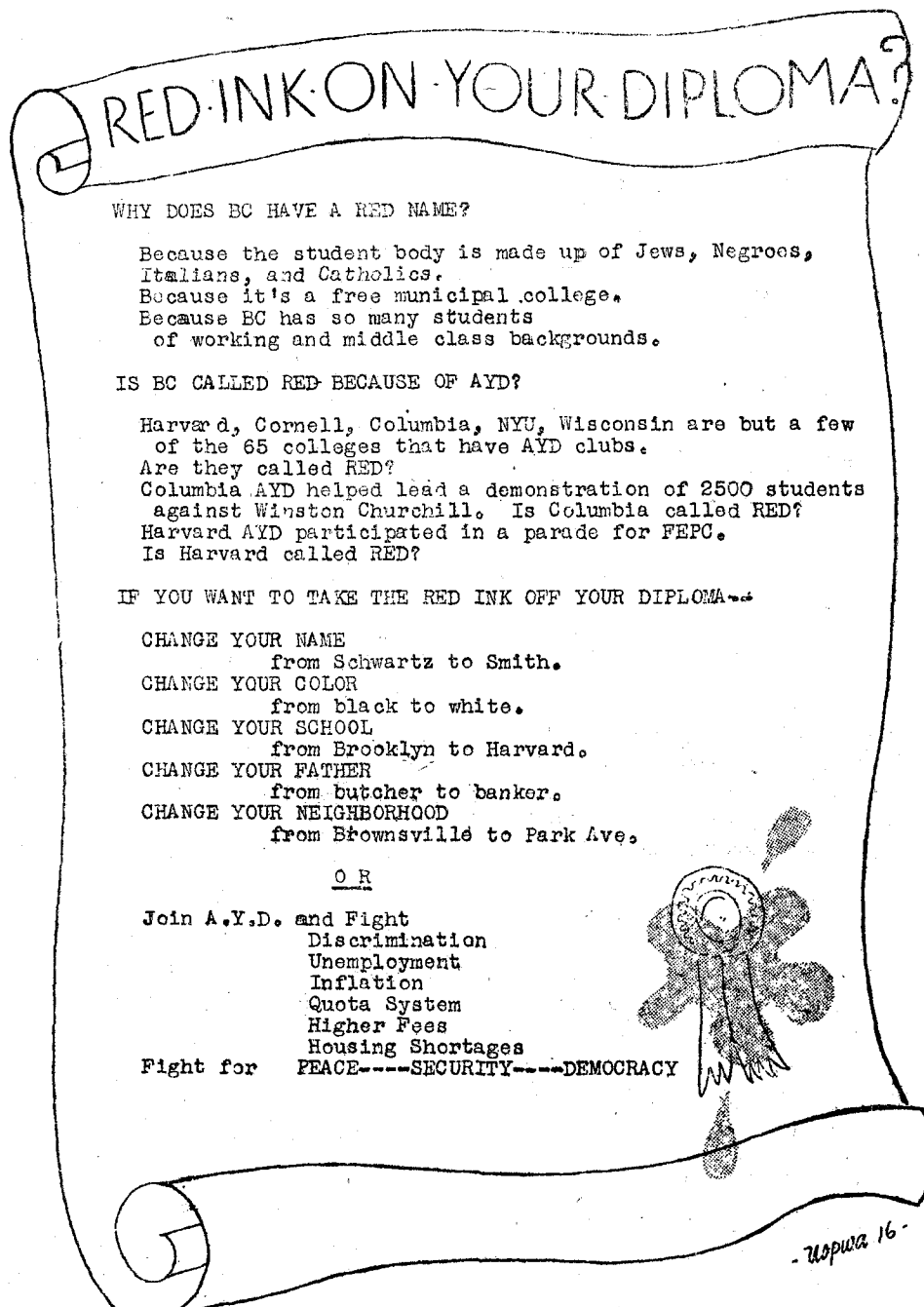
What are some of the problems these students were tackling together?

Overcrowding, in its various manifestations, ranks first in the immediate foreground. Last fall the New York Times put it this way: "Although no

exact figure is available, best estimates would indicate that more than 250,000 qualified men and women were unable to find any college or university that would admit them this fall." On October 27 it said: "Bursting at the seams, the colleges have been forced to take emergency steps to accommodate the inrush. Housing has been the No. 1 problem, the provision of an adequate faculty a close second. Sheer lack of classroom and laboratory space has acted as the brake in many institutions."

The two million now in college represent an increase of more than thirty

percent over the highest pre-war figure. Of these two million, over half are veterans. And next fall an estimated three million are expected to apply for admission. This could mean the beginning of a long dreamed-of universal higher education. But university authorities, limited by their restrictive outlook, are not only unprepared to cope with the influx—and they had plenty of warning that it was coming—but are in many cases actively hostile to it. Said Chancellor Harry W. Chase of New York University: "We must increase the selectivity of our admissions. . . . We do not feel that we



DISTRIBUTED BY STUDENT AFFAIRS COMMITTEE---A.Y.D.

Leaflet distributed by American Youth for Democracy students at Brooklyn College, New York.

should be caught in such a cycle of inflationary enrollments as followed the last war." (And an increase in tuition was instituted for this announced purpose.) President Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago warns that increased enrollments will create a generation of "intellectual hoboes." And the notorious President Gideonse of Brooklyn College declares, "Veterans' priorities and union seniority rights are the greatest threat to our democracy." (Mr. Gideonse is also noted for, among many other things, his opposition to removing tax exemptions from schools that discriminate—on the grounds that "it would abolish their right to be different.")

So—gyms are converted into dormitories; students crowd into cellars, trailer camps, drafty barracks. At Michigan State College veterans live in a village of Quonset huts. The University of Vermont has set up a trailer camp and reconverted a large barn for its women veterans. Even so it had to reject 10,000 out-of-state applicants in 1946.

Classes are jammed. They are being held in garages, conference rooms and

offices. At Columbia a graduate "discussion group" designed for fifteen people now numbers fifty. Many colleges have scheduled classes at all hours of the day and evening—often making it impossible for students to fit in the part-time employment which may be essential to their staying in school.

And there's a dearth of competent instructors—because of the notorious unwillingness of university trustees to pay adequate salaries.

Finances?

A million vets are trying to make \$65 a month do what today's \$100 is designed to do (or if they're married—and thirty percent of them are—to make \$90 act like \$165). They and all students are faced not only with general inflation but with rising tuition costs averaging \$50 a year. The \$500 a school year the government pays for its veterans attending college no longer covers what these schools charge. The veteran must make up the difference from his own pocket. Or, by petitioning the Veterans' Administration, he can use up future allowances coming to him and thereby lose a percentage of his length of eligibility under

the GI Bill. The non-veteran student, receiving no assistance from the government, is—unless he comes from a well-to-do family—in an even more precarious situation.

And running deep in this rocky soil like a foul stream is the perpetual disgrace of discrimination. In our country it is still ten times harder for a Jewish than a Gentile boy to get into college. After a survey in 1945 Frank Kingdon, noted radio commentator, found that in medical schools three out of every four non-Jewish applicants are accepted—and one out of every thirteen Jews. (Councilman Peter Cacchione reports that in 1938 there were about forty Jewish students from America studying in the medical colleges of Hitler Germany—students who had been rejected by every medical college in the United States because they were Jewish!) Treatment of Italian applicants is similar. Negroes, who constitute ten percent of the population, constitute only a little more than three percent of the student body—and most of this three percent is enrolled in all-Negro Jim Crow institutions. Non-veteran high school graduates are being crowded out too—especially girls, who have to have higher averages than boys to get into college.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: Taft claims that wives of Republican Senators are better looking than Democratic women. Southerners protest.

If Republican women are better looking it's probably due to cosmetics. Like their husbands, they come up with a lot of queer notions. A Southern Senator sees Red often enough without his wife wearing lipstick.

The Senators are partially responsible for the appearance of their wives. The GOP women get those cute, turned-up noses from reading their husbands' speeches. Pity the poor wives of Southern Senators whose hair stands on end every time they hear of an Investigating Committee.

You can probably dismiss as plain cattiness the charge that the wife of a Republican Senator modeled for the original GOP elephant. A Republican may be living off the fat of the land but it isn't necessarily his wife. According to Taft, GOP stands for Great On Pulchritude.

It is possible that the GOP women have the better shapes. This year no Republican can resist trimming down figures. It's all part of a campaign against excess waist.

President Truman is going to fly to Mexico in the Spring. As a goodwill gesture he might change the name of his plane to "The Sacred Bull."

Stassen is reported suffering from a slight cold. This is what comes of tossing your hat in the ring in January.

Governor Dewey says he is happy with the House he now has. As far as he's concerned that about solves New York's housing problem.

Seventy "liberals," including Henry Luce and Dorothy Thompson, have attacked Wallace in a telegram to Bevin. Hearst, McCormick and Pegler are hurt because they were overlooked.

STUDENTS know a snafu when they see one and they are speaking up about it, with demonstrations, delegations to legislatures, protests against Jim Crow. But even while they are speaking up they are learning that to express themselves fully they must also take up the battle for campus democracy.

Many vets returned to college to discover with alarm that while they were away winning a fight against fascism, there was a brown-out of freedom on their own campuses. On almost fifty percent of those campuses there are no elected student councils, or the college editor is censored, or you can't hand out a leaflet that doesn't state "both sides of the question." Progressive groups are barred from many colleges: the AYD, in particular, still fights for recognition on many of the campuses on which it is active. Students are considered sub-citizens; independent thought on the problems of the day is unwelcome. President Frank Fackenthal of Columbia addresses his students this way: "You who have reached the age for advanced study will, of course, have opinions, maybe

even prejudices. If, perchance, your views have been crystallized into slogans held aloft on banners, or are subject to control by allegiance to minor or major pressure groups, check your banners and your membership cards at the college gate." The University of California in Los Angeles, protecting its students from dangerous thoughts, allows no outside speakers on the campus without administration sanction. Rep. Vito Marcantonio similarly was barred from speaking at Hunter College in New York.

But crude, demanding facts push their way onto the campus green nevertheless. Students are refusing to check banners that have written on them their hopes for a better world. They have plans for that world, and they're holding the banners high: "Colleges, not Cannons," for instance, one of them reads. The AYD points to the \$13,000,000,000 military appropriation for 1947—\$12,000,000,000 more than that of the 1938 budget—as an indication of where

the money went that could have been used for federal scholarships, housing, increased GI subsistence pay and new colleges. Another banner they don't intend to put in storage for four years says in bright, high letters: "An End to Discrimination." And another: "Free Speech on the Campus." And: "Pay our Teachers!"

They're not willing, either, to cancel their membership cards in their new fellowship of world students, formed last summer in Prague. To that first international student congress since the war came delegates from forty-two countries, including twenty-five Americans, representatives of national student organizations and large universities. The congress set up the International Union of Students. Joseph Grohman of Czechoslovakia was elected president; among the vice-presidents is William Ellis of Harvard.

And finally, our students are not prepared to give up their right to think deeply, independently, about the

whole structure of our society, to think and talk about socialism. Since the days of the old Intercollegiate Socialist Society—of which Jack London was a colorful member about 1910—Marxists have been a leavening influence on American student life; today Karl Marx, John Reed and Communist Societies and Clubs flourish on many campuses.

American students can see across the country now, and across the ocean. Last summer they sent delegates to a conference in Prague. Last month thousands of them hung Herman Talmadge in effigy in Atlanta; last week still another in a long list of basketball teams refused to play without its Negro members. Next week, perhaps, will see another demonstration for lower tuition. It's all part of the same assignment: and America's students intend to finish the course with honor.

This is the first of a series of articles on student and educational questions. The second will appear soon.

THE GOP BORES FROM WITHIN

An editorial by JOHN STUART

AT FIRST the Republicans moved on cat's feet. Quietly and without too much waste motion they left their tracks on every pronouncement of policy. That was after Roosevelt's death and before November, 1946. Now they trumpet and stomp in true elephant fashion. And what the country at large witnesses is a strenuous effort to transform the Republican rule of Congress into the rule of the administration apparatus. The Republicans—not even their Aesopian language can hide it—now insist that the management of the bipartisan policies be placed in their hands. We thus have the beginnings of what is an invasion of every pivotal government agency—in fact, the executive power itself. This new form of GOP aggression was not sanctioned at the polls and it is nothing less than an example of how the bipartisanship so eagerly sought by the White House brings into the leadership of the government the most unreconstructed Tories.

Senator Vandenberg, without a national mandate, unofficially assumes the office of President. It is he who sets the pace while the unofficial Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, acts as liaison for the power-mad corporations. Let the administration take a step backward on the long road of retreat then these two will come forward to show what the next step must be. On Poland the interplay was almost perfect. A few hours after General Marshall denounced the Polish elections—the most democratic in the whole of Poland's history—Vandenberg rushed forward to outline Marshall's next task. Poland is to be brought before the United Nations as a criminal state and prosecuted for at-

tempting to rid itself of its own Vandenberg and Dulles'.

On atomic energy the interplay was almost as obvious. The President appointed David Lilienthal to head the atomic energy control commission, but Senator Vandenberg is making certain that Lilienthal will be his fair-haired boy. At the threat of withholding approval of Lilienthal's appointment, Vandenberg has virtually got the former's agreement to what may amount to a surrender of atomic energy to big business and the military. What Vandenberg could not accomplish through legislation at the last session of Congress he is now achieving by big-boss intimidation. Even the publication of the Smyth report on atomic energy, which had the President's approval, is condemned by Lilienthal under Vandenberg's prodding as a violation of "secrecy." Here, then, is a flagrant instance of how the Republicans are intervening by boring from within, by arrogating to themselves the right of final decision—to accept or reject—in all matters before the executive branch of the government. Having surrendered the strength that came from Roosevelt's achievements, the administration finds itself a piddling, weak thing which the Republicans can push further and further to the right almost at will.

Sections of the Republican Party are now also driving for a complete revision of the reciprocal trade program formulated by former Secretary Hull in 1934 with Roosevelt's guidance. Under this program the executive was given the legal right to adjust tariffs downward. A group of Republican congressmen now demands that the executive relinquish this right so they may be able to boost tariffs to

the sky. The tariff lobbyists are having a fine time of it charging that the peppermint oil industry, for example, is being threatened by communism. Yet quite apart from the Republican campaign to raise tariffs, this represents the large-scale effort to tie the bipartisan foreign policy to an economic program which preaches "removal of trade barriers" for every country but the United States.

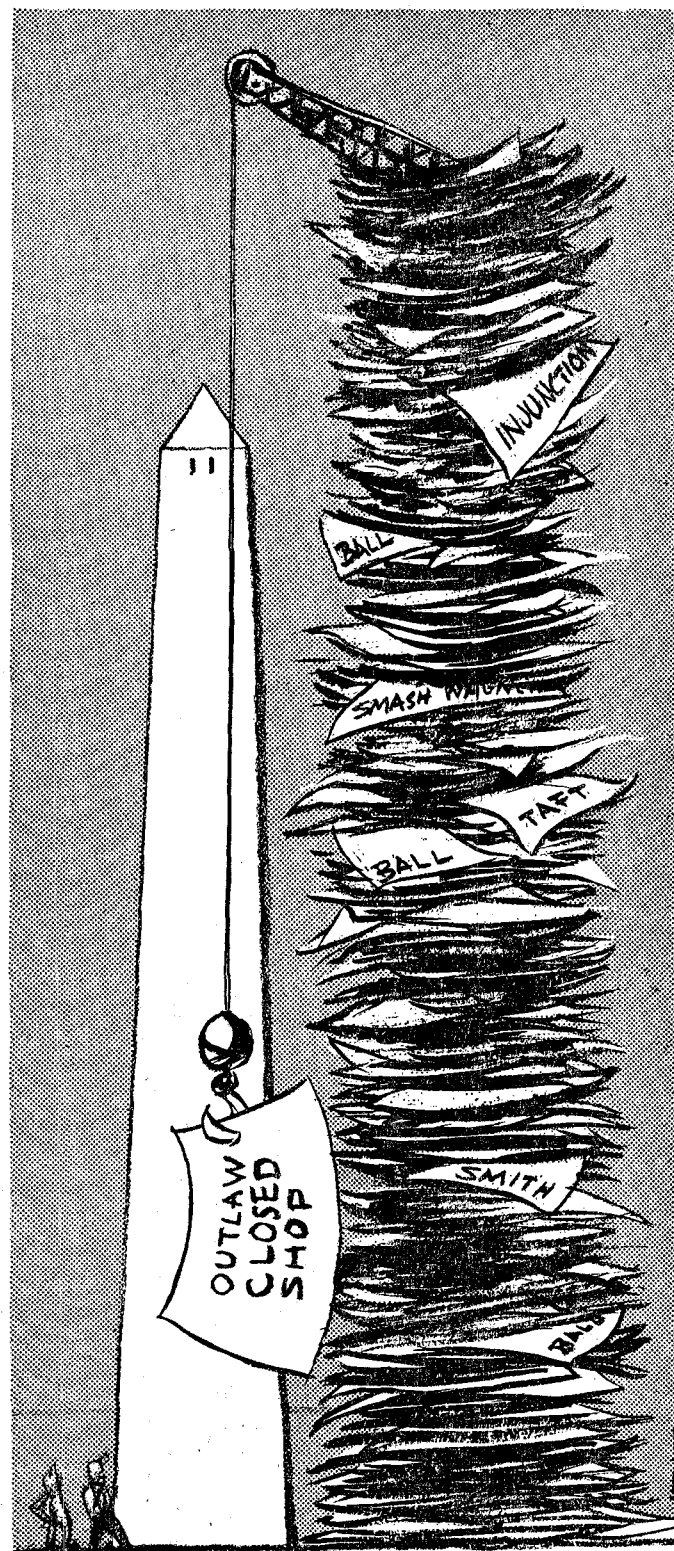
To be sure there are differences of opinion among Republican leaders over the reciprocal trade program. There are those Republicans who fear that a too bold approach to the issue will paint them before the eyes of the voters as embarking on a program of economic isolationism. There are others among them who say that the reciprocal trade program can be used to accomplish the same purposes which those opposed to it have in mind. At any rate the underlying fear is that a tariff wall here will produce tariff walls abroad, making it more difficult to capture the foreign markets for which the British and Americans are competing.

Taken in isolation, reciprocal trade has a measure of value. Under Roosevelt it was used to expand our foreign commerce at a time when the country was in a big slump. It had value in the sense that it permitted a freer interchange of goods by cutting down tariff restrictions on American goods. The program was used by US imperialism in its competition with German, Japanese, French and British imperialisms in the struggle for markets, especially in the Western Hemisphere. And it expressed the Roosevelt administration's efforts to make American imperialism somewhat more flexible by coming to agreements with other countries to buy American commodities, instead of bludgeoning them into it as Berlin and Tokyo were doing. .

Now the picture has changed radically. At the present juncture, with the exception of the weakened British, the US has no trade rivals to match it. It has enormous production advantages, enormous quantities of idle capital, and a plant that has doubled its capacity. Furthermore US imperialism is engaged in a headlong expansionist drive which employs a variety of political methods, from outright intervention in the internal affairs of other countries to the use of money and food in order to dictate the character and direction of governments.

It is in this new context that the reciprocal trade program as advocated by Roosevelt becomes something different from what it was originally. Instead of being one of the means used by the Roosevelt administration to make American imperialism more adaptable to a policy of cooperation in international affairs, reciprocal trade becomes another weapon in a packed arsenal to capture the economies of other states, particularly the small ones. The new democracies in Europe, as well as countries in Latin America, have been forced to adopt measures to protect the development of their own industries and to keep their economies from becoming dependent on other countries. A reciprocal trade program as now advocated by American imperialists would batter down these protective devices, and in effect amounts to the same program which would raise American tariffs. Both programs aim to dominate the world market and both are means of paving the way for an international trade war in which America's enormous resources would be used to pulverize all opposition.

If the basic Roosevelt policies in international affairs were still operating a reciprocal trade program would be helpful to the devastated economies abroad. Short of a policy of Big Three harmony it can only produce further instability

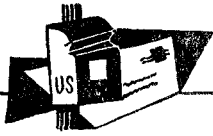


THE NEW WASHINGTON MONUMENT

News item: In the first four weeks of the new Congress, 216 anti-labor bills have been introduced.

and dislocation. Bipartisanship has, therefore, resulted in nothing but the consolidation of the rule of the most rabid imperialists who think — as Eugene Grace, president of Bethlehem Steel, puts it—"Patriotism is a beautiful sentiment, but it must not be allowed to interfere with our duties to our stockholders." The tragedy is that the mass of Americans will suffer even more than need be as a result of a joint foreign policy which, instead of helping others abroad and thereby helping ourselves, attempts to enslave them for the profit of the free-enterprising monopolists.

mail call



Through the Fog

TO NEW MASSES: I read with great interest the article "Fog Over the Airwaves" by Howard S. Benson (NM, January 21). What he says is all, unfortunately, true. Progressive and liberal groups have done nothing to safeguard the voices of the people who speak for them. The loss of Johannes Steel was, I think, a particularly bad blow at this moment when every outlet of opinion in press and radio is being methodically tailored to fit the reactionary line.

Certainly the readers of your magazine don't need to be told that every country that has embarked upon the road to fascism has begun, in this same fashion, plugging up all the leaks through which truth might reach the people. That is why I feel Mr. Benson should be able to add a more fighting footnote to his article. We don't have to accept this muzzling of the liberals without a struggle. Letters of protest to the stations are all very well, but more realistically we must look toward a time when we can go to the stations and say, "Here is money enough to buy radio time. What now?"

Johannes Steel is aiming at just that. Mr. Steel has recently started a newsletter. It will appear once a month and it will contain the same kind of accurate reportage that, as Mr. Benson says, has earned him a reputation among his enemies as well as his friends for being "a commentator whose analyses of news events were among the most searching and his sources of information among the best in all radio."

Steel has offered pages in his newsletter to any liberal commentator who has lost his program. He has further promised to utilize air time to institute forums of those commentators who are gone. This, as I see it, is the beginning of the fight. We must see our stake in supporting our own commentators who fight for us, just as the NAM understands only too well their stake in supporting Fulton Lewis and Upton Close.

The issue, I might add, is not one of personalities. Many people may prefer Kingdon to Steel, or Walsh to Kingdon. The fact remains that we must back up whoever is fighting the thing through. Johannes Steel is fighting it. If we are able to get him back on the air we can take the next steps toward bringing back others, but we will have made a start. Anyone who wants information about Mr. Steel's newsletter should write to him at P. O. Box 878, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I hope we can win the battle. It will be

a great victory for our side if we do. It will also show the liberal commentators that they did have listeners, and that the listeners care about what has happened to them.

JANET SCHANE.

New York.

Learn from Haldane

TO NEW MASSES: There are several lessons that emerge from your recent Haldane meeting. He held everyone's attention and the audience left the hall enthusiastic and better informed because: (1) He spoke quietly and without tricks or flourishes. (2) He gave facts, not surmises or exaggerations. (3) He discussed the Soviet Union as though it were a living nation (which it is) and not as an impeccable, completely perfect or flawless state (which it is not).

People will have a higher regard for us and socialism if we tell the truth (*i.e.*, present the positive and negative aspects) of the socialist society. If we were always as straightforward as Haldane was, we would have more readers of our press and more supporters of our policy.

H. A.

New York.

Is War Inevitable?

TO NEW MASSES: Your readers may be interested in the following query from a reader which you forwarded to me, and in my answer to her:

"Dear Mr. Schappes: I just picked up the current issue of NEW MASSES (Dec. 24, 1946) and began to read your article, "The Roots of Anti-Semitism." The first sentence disturbed me so much that I had to stop reading to question you on its meaning: 'With fascism and imperialism having suffered a major defeat in the recent war, the struggle against these forces is now being waged, for the time being at least, with other instruments.'

"As I understand this quotation, these peaceful means of fighting reaction are only temporary, and eventually other and less peaceful ways will have to be used. In other words, war is inevitable.

"Perhaps this is a rather strong statement but as I read and reread your sentence I can see in it no other meaning. Leave out the phrase 'for a time at least' and the meaning is entirely different and correct. But leave in that phrase and you get a feeling of the inadequacy of fighting fascism

and imperialism with 'political clarification, education, organization.'

"This kind of defeatism can only create the confusion and errors which have been made all too often in the past year. Certainly those wonderful answers of Stalin should have enlightened all of us on this subject. Also the events of the past weeks can give new hope and courage on the great possibilities of just these 'peaceful means.'

"It is because I feel that anything which even suggests the failure of the fight for peace in reality aids those very forces which a successful fight for peace could destroy, that I ask you to clarify your statement.

"RUTH RUDOUSKY, Jamaica, L. I."

I wrote in reply: "Another war is neither *inevitable* nor *impossible*. We *can* prevent it through mass, organized struggle on a scale great enough to thwart the monopolists and weaken their power. An alert working class, in coalition with all peace-loving sections of the population, has the strength to compel the warmongers to keep the peace. Such a struggle would also move us on the road to socialism. Nevertheless, fighters, even when confident of ultimate victory, must also be prepared for defeat in any particular battle. In fact, understanding the possibility of defeat should stir us all to greater efforts to prevent it. Complacency is a danger."

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

New York.

Coal Valley's People

TO NEW MASSES: More articles are needed in NM such as that by Alfred Goldsmith in the December 17 issue on "Coal Valley's People." His writing gives the reader the "feel" of a mining community. That kind of an approach should produce something worthwhile about the metal miners, say of the Mesaba Range; or oil refinery workers of Texas.

I liked the two poems in the same issue: "My Grandfather Darby" and "Complaint of the Immigrant Father." I wonder why you gave valuable space in the December 10 issue for the "Formula for a Movie"? Of course, if Segall's idea was to give the impression that many movies are thrown together without much sense, his poem does it by being the same.

I consider NM is making worthwhile contributions toward Marxian understanding by such articles as those by Rene Maublanc on "Marxism and Freedom," Peters' analysis of depressions, etc.

It seems to me your magazine could do an excellent job with an article exposing the role of Robert Murphy, political advisor to General McNarney in Germany. I am convinced Murphy has a tremendous deal to do with all the most reactionary aspects of our occupation policy in Europe.

JAMES H. DOLSEN.

Pittsburgh.

review and comment



A COMMUNIST POET

**Undivided personal emotion and disciplined
social allegiance fuse in Manifold's work.**

By SEYMOUR GREGORY

SELECTED VERSE, by John Manifold. John Day. \$2.50.

READERS of contemporary poetry know how rare is an original lyric that sings in its own voice and is not a weak echo of the English Romantics or a *Ladies' Home Journal* dilution of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The paucity of lyric verse is the extreme expression of what might be called the general crisis of modern English poetry. "Where is the literature/ Of nature, where the love poem and the plain/ Statement of feeling?" asks Karl Shapiro in *Essay on Rime*. "How and when and why/ Did we conceive our horror for emotion. . . .?"

It is not surprising, then, that critics hailed a fresh lyrical talent in the poems of John Manifold. When the verse of this young Australian, then a captain in the Intelligence Corps of the British Army, appeared in Oscar Williams' anthology, *The War Poets*, it was singled out for praise by writers as diverse as Williams himself, Theodore Spencer, Alfred Kreymborg and Louis Untermeyer. Manifold's *Selected Verse* more than fulfills the promise of his anthology and magazine pieces. Here is a clear, strong voice; here is the happy union, so rare in modern English and American verse, of an undivided emotion and a vigorous singing line. In this respect one cannot quote too often the now famous "Fife Tune," dedicated to the Sixth Platoon, 308th I.T.C.:

*One morning in spring
We marched from Devizes
All shapes and all sizes
Like beads on a string,
But yet with a swing
We trod the bluemetal*

*And full of high fettle
We started to sing.*

*She ran down the stair
A twelve-year-old darling
And laughing and calling
She tossed her bright hair;
Then silent to stare
At the men flowing past her—
There were all she could master
Adoring her there.*

*It's seldom I'll see
A sweeter or prettier;
I doubt we'll forget her
In two years or three,
And lucky he'll be
She takes for a lover
While we are far over
The treacherous sea.*

Let the reader observe the excellent harmony of image, music and meaning in the following description of a winter bivouac:

*Cold has the crescent sickle by the
hilt
And reaps the woods, the branches
crack and splinter,
The tents stand out. Caught in the
light of winter
The liquid mud is solid silver-gilt.*

If this be artlessness, of which Manifold has been accused by the oversubtle critics, let us have more of it in our jaded present-day verse.

To this reviewer Manifold's first book is one more proof that basically healthy emotions in art are correlated with a basically sound social orientation. There is no doubt where John Manifold stands: he is with the people throughout the world who are struggling for a better life, with "the Army

of the Rear" as it was called by Henry Lawson, the beloved poet and short-story writer of the Australian people. More sophisticated than Lawson, well-versed in the contemporary idiom, Manifold nevertheless has much in common with his predecessor: a hearty contempt for the precious and the decadent, a deep love for his native Australia, and a fervent identification with progressive humanity.

For Manifold is more than a disembodied lyric voice. He is a Communist, with his emotions firmly rooted in his Marxist convictions. His feelings are integrated with his philosophy, and this gives unity to the love poems, the satirical sonnets, the popular ballads and the epigrammatic couplets in his *Selected Verse*. Everywhere there is the impression of a whole personality responding energetically to a world in conflict. Only a man who sees the conflict clearly and has chosen his side unequivocally could give us such biting satire on the tory and "free enterprise" conception of liberty:

*Democracy is Freedom at her Best!
The same democracy we all enjoyed
Which, as the Premier happily expressed,
Includes all sorts—employed and
unemployed,
Worker and boss, oppressor and oppressed.
Freedoms of other makes are null
and void,
And cursed be he who undertakes
the mission
Of changing any part of our condition.*

Yes, Manifold is a Marxist, an "unpleasant fact" that has disturbed some reviewers. In Marguerite Young's review in the August 18 *Times Book Review* there is not a single good word for Manifold's verse, but her pretense of high literary principles and superior "culture" was obviously a veneer for a vicious hatred of the fighting, the radical. The *New Yorker* poetry critic, Louise Bogan, in the October 5 issue conceded to Manifold "certain attractive characteristics," ("gay tunes and jaunty airs . . . occasional bright song . . ."), and let it go at that.

It is more interesting, perhaps, to ponder Winfield Townley Scott's review in the October *Poetry*. Making an effort to give Manifold his due, Scott concluded his evaluation with the easy antithesis of a poetry "full of

brains and maturity" opposed to a poetry full of gusto and emotional force. There was plenty of the latter in Manifold's verse, as in Rupert Brooke's and Roy Campbell's; and like these poets, the Australian, it was implied, "lacked only brains and maturity." Despite superficial similarities, Mr. Scott's comparison strikes me as inept. There is gusto and gusto; there is verve and verve. Brooke's "romantic masculinity" was insufficient to conceal a profound pessimism and an almost Proustian decadence, and Campbell's ultra-Byronic individualism led him to embrace Franco as the savior of individuality in Spain. Manifold's exuberance and individuality are quite different.

Nor were Mr. Scott's remarks on brains and maturity well chosen. Undefined and unqualified, the terms imply a derogation not much softened by the reviewer's bow in the direction of "emotional force." If we take Mr. Scott to mean that Manifold's poetry is not intellectually complex, not "Byzantine" or cabalistic, that its emotion and meaning are easily accessible, we can agree—without, however, implying that such poetry is inferior or immature. For the type of poetry that emphasizes the simple expression of emotion, "the plain statement of feeling," has a long and honorable tradition in practitioners such as Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Heine, Hugo, and many others. The sectarian denial of significance to such poetry is a comparatively recent innovation by those to whom the methods of the seventeenth century metaphysical poets and the French Symbolists are the be-all and the end-all of verse.

For such gentry "complexity" and "intellectuality" are the great desiderata. Poets such as Eliot and Auden are credited with these virtues; it is denied that left-wing poets possess them. The charges are manifestly absurd, for there is plenty of both qualities in poets like Brecht, Aragon and John Cornford. It seems to me that for such critics' "complexity" we must often read confusion and ambiguity, while for "intellectuality" we must substitute recondite erudition and an abstruse, often private metaphysics. These, it should be added, must be accompanied by weariness, cynicism or despair. Thus Existentialists, to choose the most recent fad, are complex and intellectual, whereas Marxists may have verve and energy, but are, alas, simple and crude.

What the high priests of criticism and what anti-Marxists of every variety find crude are the undivided personal emotion and the disciplined social allegiance. One may write a love poem to win their praise, provided that hate or disgust is woven into the texture of every line. One may be tortured by the evil and injustice of the status quo, provided that one despairs of any possible solution. One may even flirt with the working class, dally with



"Status Quo," sculpture by Robert Davidson.

Marxism, provided that one makes it clear that the alliance is weak, distasteful and temporary. (In this way the "leftist" Auden of the early 1930's may win the accolade of the conservative Cleanth Brooks, Jr.) Whether he intended it or not, Mr. Scott's rhetorical dichotomy between brains and emotion plays into the hands of the literary high priests, the obscurantists, the reactionary snobs who monotonously intone, *Odi profanum vulgus*.

Manifold has faults, of course. In absorbing the idiom of his immediate ancestors, he has taken on some of their shortcomings. "The Laurels," a satire on the middle-class conformist in the Auden-Lewis-Macneice manner, strikes me as more derivative and hence less effective than "The Bunyip and the Whistling Kettle," an adroit ballad on an Australian philistine. Sometimes the poet adopts the vogue of expressing a broad symbolic meaning through the use of commonplace objects—a military map, a bridge about to be demolished—but occasionally, as in "Traveller's Tales," the references are too vague or private to be identi-

fied with certainty. One wonders, too, whether Manifold has been his own best editor. *Selected Verse* is a gleanings from his output of the past twelve years. It seems to me that a poem like "Heureaux Qui Comme Ulysse . . .," which appeared in *The War Poet* but is not included here, might well have taken the place of "The Three Drovers," a graceful but unimportant translation from the Spanish. And now and then, as in "Hat in the Ring," one feels a looseness, an absence of poetic tension in the verse. Not always has Manifold succeeded in his aim to "sweat a couplet down to half a line," nor has he always striven for the exact word that will compress his thought and expand its significance. His very enthusiasm and evident pleasure in composition have led him, in certain cases, to an uncritical multiplication of phrase.

But such lapses are far outweighed by Manifold's positive contribution. A poet who can write such lovely lyrics as "Song," "Fife Tune" (deservedly popular for its delightful lilt) and "No Rest for Lovers"; such impassioned social poems as "Satire on Liberty," "Night Piece" and "Listening to a Broadcast" ("There is no siding for the brain,/ No safety in an alibi. . ."); such an elegy as "The Tomb of Lt. John Learmonth A.I.F."; and such lean, muscular sonnets as "Oerlikon," "The Deserter," "Recruit" and "*Ces longues nuicts d'hiver*" is a poet to be read, reread and cherished. One wishes that space permitted more extensive quotation. Perhaps the following sonnet, "For the Mercenaries," will suggest some of the exciting qualities in Manifold's splendid first volume:

Forget your regions for a Touareg
country
That has no function but to flow a
tent,
That has all roads for its indifferent
entry
And borders always further on in
front;

Forget and do your duty—to suppress
The young and evil for the old and
rotten—
Do not make friends, do not expect,
do not
Count on remembrance. We have had
our lesson.

There is a lot to lose; we must be rid

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THE PORTABLE RING LARDNER, edited by Gilbert Seldes. Viking. \$2.

LATEST in Viking's "Portable" series is this collection of novels, short stories, plays and miscellany by Ring Lardner. Lardner began his literary career as a newspaperman in Chicago. Like Heywood Broun, he developed into an outstanding sports reporter, and then wrote a weekly column which Bell syndicated nationally. These columns, and a number of weekly feature articles, established his reputation. Much of what he wrote reflected the pressure of the deadline, but Gilbert Seldes has properly brought together what is considered representative of Lardner's best, rather than exhuming pot-boilers for the sake of the record.

Lardner was the humorist and satirist of an era. The work in this collection treats primarily of that strange America which existed between World War I and the depression of 1929. These were days when only a handful of people in the United States so much as questioned capitalism. Fordism was elevated from a method of production to a philosophy of life. Even the political Left felt its impact in the revisionist "theorizing" of a Lovestone. The AFL was suffering the paralyzing effects of reformism, and the CIO was yet unborn.

It was an America whose social atmosphere included the flapper, the boyish bob and the short skirt, Teapot Dome, the great Ty Cobb, books such as *The Plastic Age*, the Dempsey-Firpo fight.

Lardner did not see beyond this era, but his genius lay in the trenchant manner in which he saw through it. No pious fraud escaped him. He observed the structure of American capitalism, then so roundly glorified, and proceeded to expose its beauties as tinsel, its great men as imposters.

Ring Lardner wrote without

"heroes." His stories certainly have protagonists, and where he does not create sympathy for them, he always creates understanding. Yet nowhere will you find the strong man or woman, the noble, the courageous, the honest. What is outstanding about his characters is their weaknesses and failures.

You Know Me Al is the story of a bush-leaguer, ignorant, stingy, with only proficiency on the ballfield to bolster his vast conceit. Although the story is the length of a short novel, it is more properly an extended character study presented through the device of letters which the busher writes to a hometown friend.

The Big Town is a saga of social climbing and of the frantic dealings of the middle class shopping in the marriage market. In this novel the protagonist, although scornful of the values of his wife and her unmarried sister, accepts these same values as a necessary part of his own life.

Haircut is a tense and powerful short story in which the cruelty and stupidity of a small-town practical joker lead a half wit to commit murder for the sake of a local girl. The anthology includes the excellent *Champion*, a bitter study of a topnotch boxer and national idol, the symbol of "clean-cut living," who is in reality a thief, a blackmailer, a four-flusher, a wife-beater and an all-around deadbeat.

Perhaps the kindest story is *Alibi Ike*, the famous sketch of the man who alibied everything he did, whether good or bad, and made his life a constant apologetic for existence.

It is, however, the quality of understanding, of social realization of his characters, that enables Lardner to apply both broad humor and subtle satire to his tales. Your hatred for the small-town practical joker is tempered by your insight into the deadly routine of small-town life. You laugh at the arrogance of the bush-leaguer, but you are aware that society, and not just Lardner, created him.

There is a reason why Lardner does not have "heroes." He invariably chose his protagonists from among those sections of the middle class which are most completely divorced from the process of production. His stories are the case histories of professional athletes, insurance salesmen, show people, Broadway characters. Lardner may expose them with a word or a sentence, but he does not sit in obvious judg-

ment on them. He understands them and he even likes them at times, though he probes them. Wittingly or not, Lardner has described in acid detail the social effects of capitalism on a segment of the population during the period we call the "boom days."

The ethics, the morals, the pretensions of this society did not get to first base with Lardner, but he did not foresee the end of his social era. He was an honest, witty and downright funny journalist, criticizing his own society without the perspective of a new one.

His son, Ring, Jr., recently wrote a review of this anthology in which he praised his father's uncanny ability to set down the English language exactly as it is spoken in various sections of the country and by its minorities. Unquestionably, this is the source of much of Lardner's rich humor, but it is also true, as his son pointed out, that he cheapened this gift at times by relying upon exaggerated misspellings to achieve his effects. Fortunately few examples of the latter are contained in this anthology.

At first glance it would seem that Lardner and the late Damon Runyon were of the same tradition, but such a comparison is superficial. Lardner was by far the deeper and more sensitive writer. Runyon, too, was excellent at reporting speech in action, but he depended exclusively on the highly exotic speech of racketeers, touts and petty gangsters. The pattern of Runyon's work is confined not to broad social phenomenon, but to an esoteric segment of it. His stories, amusing as they often are, depend on plot in a mechanical fashion rather than growing out of character as they do in Lardner's work. Where Damon Runyon is simply "funny," Ring Lardner is satirical, and the quality of the laugh that Lardner's work engenders is more lasting because it is based on social insight rather than on surface situations.

The section of this book titled *On Politics* clearly indicates the discerning eye with which Ring Lardner observed the development of world affairs. Writing of the Disarmament Conference of 1921, he says:

"There may be some of my readers that is dumb enough not to know what this conference is all about. Well friends it has been called together to see if they ain't some way of stopping war and that is what the league of nations was supposed to do but the league has been

to bat five or six times and ain't even got a foul.

"So the ideal is to find a substitute for the league and a lot of the boys figures that the disarmament scheme will do the business so the object of this meeting is to get all the different nations to quit building war ships and making ammunitions and etc. and it looks now like they would all agree to the proposition provided they's an understanding that it don't include they themselves."

No one, remarks Lardner, is more anxious for peace than he, "because I have got a little male quartette in my home which in 20 yrs. from now they will all be draft age at once and it ain't on the cards that the whole four of them will be lucky like their dear old dad and have falling arches." No, with capitalism dealing, it was not "on the cards," and there is considerable poignancy in reading this today when we recall that two of the male quartette were killed, one in Spain, fighting with the International Brigade, and one in World War II.

A blind spot in Lardner is his occasional use of derogatory terms aimed at national minorities. Doubtless a syndicated writer is often tempted to exaggerate the value of an "easy laugh." Yet the keenness of Lardner's general approach suggests that if he lived under today's pressures, he would certainly have learned to reject this type of "humor."

Without debating the judgment of the editor in leaving out this, or including that particular story, the book is certainly a plum for Lardner fans. For those who have not yet read his work, it is an economical introduction to a writer who developed a unique and penetrating approach to the American scene.

I. J. WALKER.

Free Men in Virginia

NEGRO OFFICE-HOLDERS IN VIRGINIA, 1865-1895, by Luther J. Jackson. *Guide Quality Press, Norfolk.* 75¢.

UNLESS one has done some work in the field of Negro history, and particularly in Negro biography, he will be unable to appreciate fully the enormous amount of energy that Professor Jackson must have expended in producing this brief booklet.

The author must feel repaid, however, in knowing that with this work, as with others that he has written, all who labor in the same rich soil are heavily in his debt. For here will be

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found photographs and short biographical sketches of almost all of the approximately ninety Negroes who served in the Virginia State legislature during the post-Civil War generation, as well as notes concerning the scores of others who, during the same period, served their then fully enfranchised neighbors as constables, justices of the peace, sheriffs, overseers of the poor, and members of town councils and boards of supervisors. In addition there will be found in this labor of love material on the legislative efforts and speeches of Negroes that is so terribly difficult to unearth.

Professor Jackson is at pains to show that the conventional picture of the post-bellum Negro office-holder as utterly ignorant and destitute of material resources is quite erroneous, and no one who studies this work can doubt the truth of his thesis.

Indeed, it tends to lend support to an idea that has been gaining force in my own mind as I prosecute researches in the period. As Professor Jackson shows for Virginia, and as appears to have been true elsewhere—notably in South Carolina and Louisiana—the Negro office-holders of the Reconstruction and post-Reconstruction South were, as compared to the mass of Negroes, on the whole relatively well-to-do. This seems to have developed a certain remoteness on their part from the deepest and most burning desires of those who but recently had been propertyless slaves, especially their yearning for the confiscation and distribution of the Bourbons' land.

We need, and need urgently, descriptive studies of the caliber and type of this one, for each of the other relevant states. Having these, a thorough analysis of Southern and Negro history during the vital closing decades of the nineteenth century will become possible.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Mexican-Americans

NOT WITH THE FIST, by Ruth D. Tuck. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.

MISS TUCK has given us an excellent and well-documented picture of the life of the Mexican-American in the Southwest, where a great majority of immigrants settled in California, Arizona and Texas. The story of their background in Mexico, their reasons for entering the US, the drives

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—especially by the railroads—for immigrants, the *coyotes* or labor contractors from the US with their handbills and promises, all have figured in one form or another in the history of every nationality that has helped to carry on the expansion and development of our country.

Miss Tuck presents a picture of the background and the everyday life of the colonial, or unofficial ghetto of the Mexican-Americans, with fine detail and understanding.

We come to know the large families in crowded quarters, with little chance of recreation for the children, partial school segregation, the prejudice of many teachers, the children forced to leave school as soon as the law allows.

Most interesting is the declining power of the Catholic Church over the Mexican-Americans. While it still has a grip on their lives at the ceremonies of birth, death and marriage, it no longer rules, directs and devours their lives as it did in Mexico. With most of the second generation it is hardly more than a vague pattern of tradition.

Miss Tuck depicts the race-riots of 1943, aggravated by press, radio and police; the invention of the organized-*pachuco* myth, and the police abuse of hundreds of innocent youth. She exposes the newspaper and radio rabble-rousing against Mexican girls and women who, as a matter of fact, have no police record whatever in the whole Southwest. But she fails to mention strongly enough the timid leadership and the ineffectual press of the Mexican-Americans themselves, which Ignacio Lopez points out in his able foreword. Her attitude reflects the sincere social worker's point of view rather than a realistic grasp of political forces.

Miss Tuck has some very interesting things to say on the meaning of education in a democracy, but she often seems to make it her main point of solution. However, in her epilogue she speaks out sharply against the illusion of time as a cure, and in this connection calls education—as we know it—a panacea of escape. She recognizes the speciousness of “helping” our minorities, that they do not want patronage. But there is the implication that the struggle for equality can somehow be accomplished through each small community improving its attitudes, until the waves of a better life spread over the world.

However, Miss Tuck has made a

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real contribution; her book is no *atole con el dedo* (gruel on the finger). It is recommended to anyone interested in the whole American minority problem.

SANORA BABB.

MUSIC

THE New Friends of Music concerts are performing an important service to music lovers by presenting the six string quartets of the late and very great Hungarian composer, Bela Bartok. Five of these have already been performed. Bartok's idiom is not unnecessarily complicated. He uses a traditional nineteenth century harmony, upon which he superimposes dissonantly a melodic language based upon Hungarian folk song, simplified down to its starkest elements. These quartets are more personal works, more subtle and tightly organized, than his concertos, but they are never formalistic in a mechanical sense, and are always saturated with emotion. Two of them were especially exciting experiences; the second, written during the First World War, is one of the most powerful expressions of anguish in contemporary music, and the fifth, a more extrovert work, is dazzling in its rhythms, fascinating in its strange, yet folkish, sonorities, with two hauntingly beautiful slow movements.

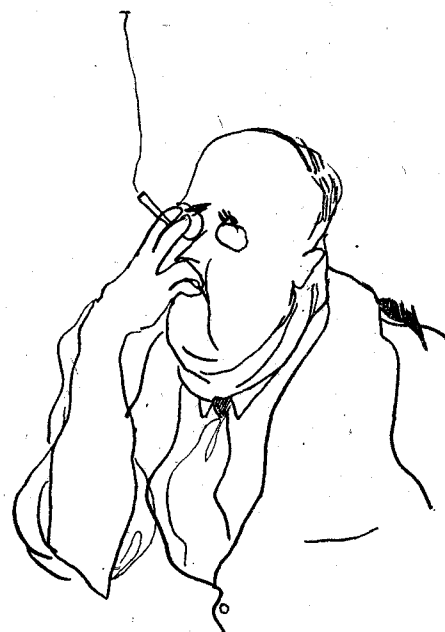
Like the late quartets of Beethoven, these quartets do not make easy listening, but they repay study. It may seem a far cry from their compact and subtle designs to the broad appeal of national music, yet their study can be of inestimable benefit to any composer working in a national idiom. They contain a mine of lessons in how to use a national idiom so that all padding is squeezed out, the basic emotional content is preserved, and the musical design is always meaningful. Bartok's mind and heart were always with his own people, so that he never felt at ease away from them. He never sought for publicity, or for pure "self-expression," but always to teach and help others.

It was his tragedy that for all his potentialities for creating a great, expansive and truly national music, his country was for most of his life within the orbit of German imperialism or German fascism. The next generation will judge us harshly for giving

such little attention to so great a creative mind among us.

A RECENT sparsely-attended concert sponsored by "New Music," at the New School for Social Research, brought together quartets by Charles Ives, Douglas Moore and Wallingford Riegger, and a trio by Lou Harrison. The Ives quartet, his first, is less original and monumental a conception than his second. Full of enchanting New England melodies, already showing the fine, many-voiced texture that is one of the hallmarks of his style, it was very rewarding. If the later Ives offers extreme difficulties to the performers, this work certainly doesn't, and should be more widely known. Moore's work was also very engaging in melody, and a pleasure to hear, although thinner and showing the hand of Brahms in its particular kind of string sound. Harrison's string trio consisted of one short movement, expanding a single phrase, without too distinct a profile, into a touching and sensitively worked-out fabric of sound.

Riegger's quartet is a minor masterpiece. Written in the twelve-tone idiom, it shows the characteristics of this school: an introspective and poignant melodic idiom, a terse yet complex contrapuntal design in which every note counts and the listener's ears must strain to catch every nuance, an excitingly fresh texture of instrumental sound. It is good to know that music of such calibre is being written in our country. It is possible to debate the value of the twelve-tone idiom for every musical purpose, or its es-



Irene Goldberg.

sential progressiveness. It offers, however, a valid means of expression for the kind of emotion that many artists feel in our times. The opportunities for composers to put a wealth of human realities into their music, and by so doing to affect an audience, are few. When these opportunities exist, the debate over forms and styles can be taken up by musicians on a practical level.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

THEATER

I REFLECT back from the inane romanticism of Victor Herbert's *Sweethearts*, currently being revived at the Shubert Theater, to the audiences that saw it first and loved it. Since *Sweethearts* was one of an abundant type, it makes me somewhat more intimately aware of the provincial state of the American mind of that time that could instigate, by its presumed demand, and then be enraptured by, such a wistful yearning toward the "great world" of dynastic Europe.

I listened hard for the famous "tuneful" Victor Herbert music, only to find it suitably banal and as saccharine and structureless as too much marshmallow. Yet the *Sweethearts* revival may be saved by the wonderful clowning of Bobby Clark, who holds the stage enough of the time to reduce the rest of the proceedings to a sort of postured incidental music.

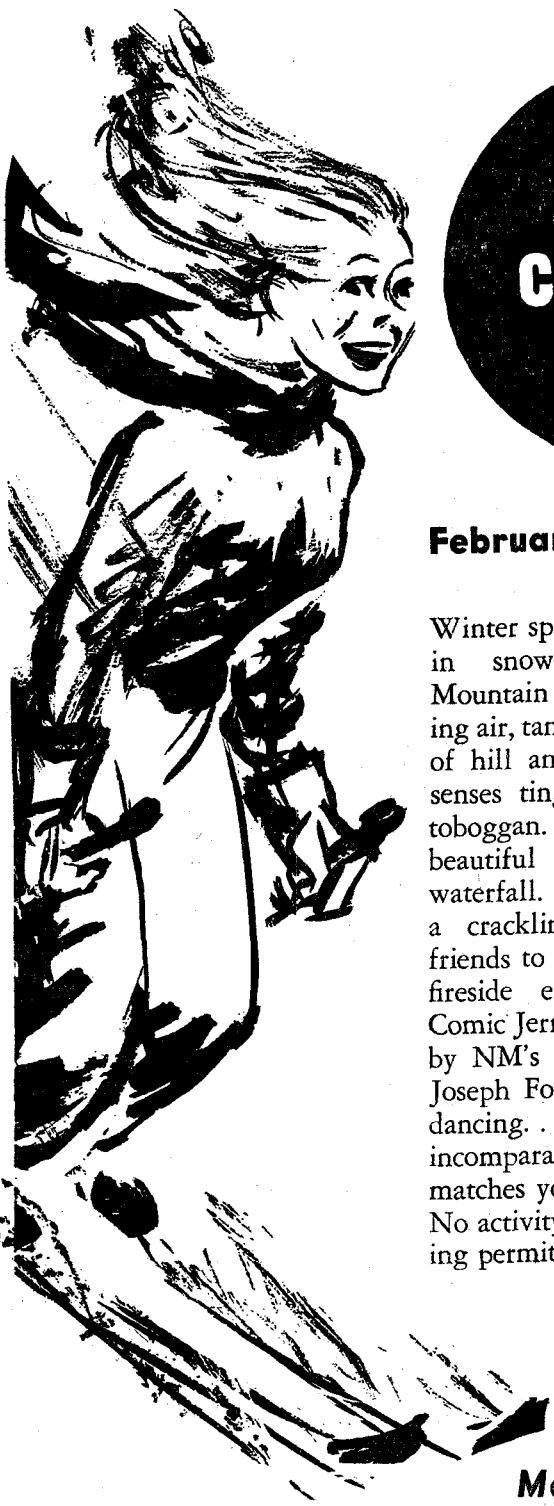
Bobby Clark notwithstanding, it was difficult to feel tolerant toward the inanities taking place around him. It was all the more difficult since *Bloomer Girl*, which I had seen only a few days before at its special City Center engagement, had provided a fresh demonstration of what socially relevant content can do for anything on the stage, musicals included.

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